Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1768.

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THE BYSTANDER NOVEMBER 3, 1937.

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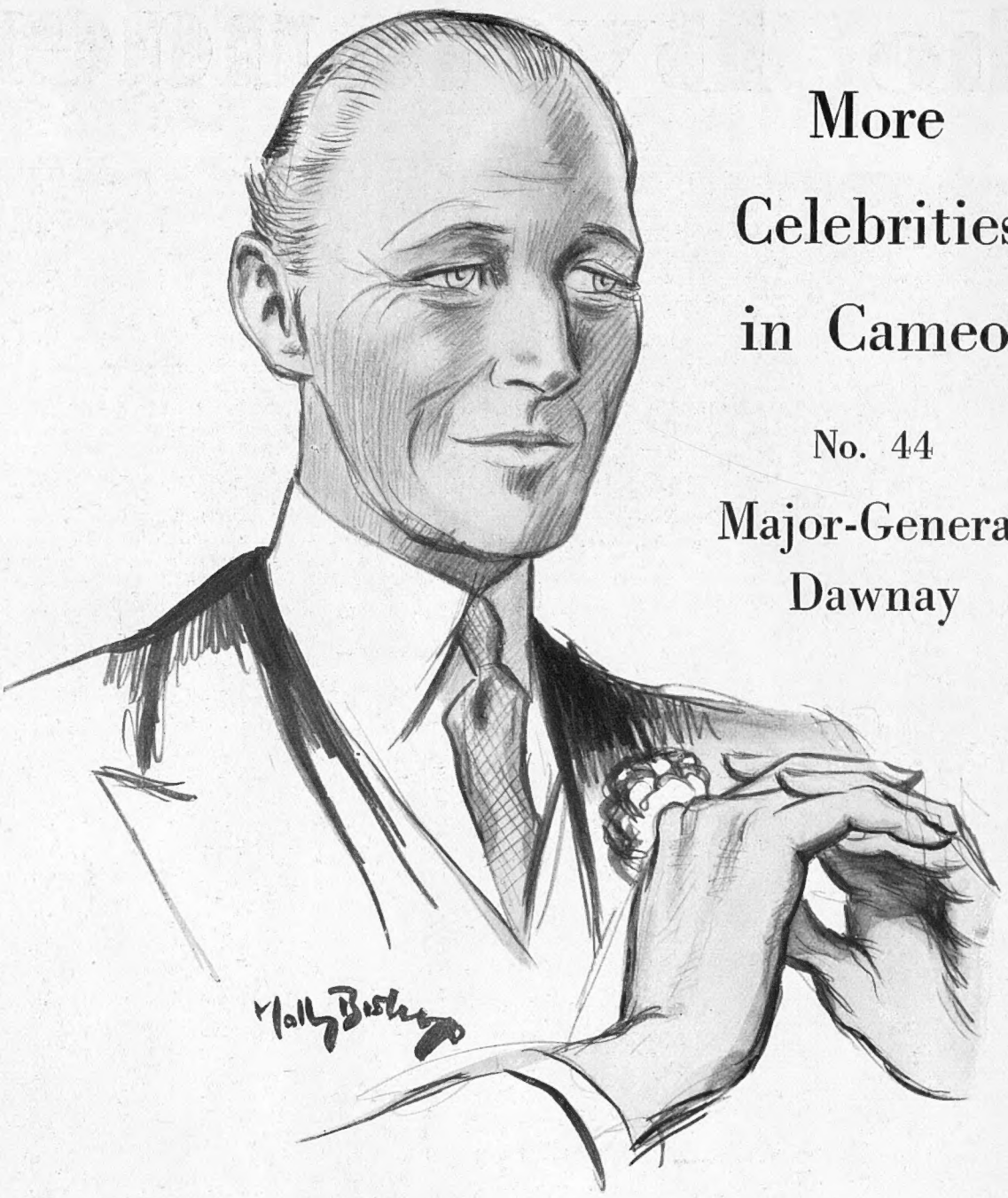
The Bystander

Houston Rogers

The Lady Betty Bourke

Lady Betty Bourke is the only child of the Earl of Mayo by his second wife, the present Countess of Mayo; she is twenty, and lives with her parents at their house Monycrower, near Maidenhead. Her father succeeded his cousin as eighth Earl ten years ago; he was a civil engineer and land agent, was on the Chief Engineer's staff when the Forth Bridge was built, and resident engineer during the Manchester Ship Canal's construction, and has been President of the Land Agents' Society. He had five children by his first wife, who died in 1913; his eldest son, Lord Naas, married Miss Noel Jessie Wilson last July. The title is an Irish one, dating from 1785; the family comes from Naas, Co. Kildare, where Lord Mayo's second son now lives



More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 44

Major-General Dawnay

MAJOR-GENERAL (ALAN GEOFFREY CHARLES) DAWNAY, the newly-created Director of Public Relations at the War Office, talks more like an author of belles lettres than a professional soldier. But then, he always knew more about warfare than just mere fighting. With a good background in history and economics to conceal his knowledge, he is also an appreciative reader of biographies and poetry. It is now his business to interpret the Army to the public and the public to the Army—recruiting being the immediate problem. In conversation he uses civilian words like "antipathetic" with great fluency, has an agreeable voice, a high forehead, a widower's peak, a creased smile, and a long, lean figure. His instinctive recreation is hunting, but he says he gave it up some time ago on the advice of his banker. To-day he prefers shooting, golf, and cutting down trees, but takes no games too seriously. His abstract idea of a holiday is complete detachment.

A brother of Major-General Guy Dawnay, who got a D.S.O. in the Boer War, and the C.B., C.M.G., Croix de Guerre, and Legion of Honour in the Great War, he is exactly ten years and one day younger than this now successful City man. Like him, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, but then went into the Coldstream Guards, becoming Adjutant in 1913, and joining General Allenby in Egypt in the middle of 1915. Here he rose to be a G.S.O.1, and for the last year of the war was Allenby's official contact with T. E. Lawrence. How the two men worked hand-in-glove—the brilliant professional soldier and the amateur sheik—you can read in *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*.

Before his return to this country, General Dawnay was Acting Chief Political Officer in Palestine. In 1927 he found himself a student at the Imperial Defence College. Exactly ten years later he had risen to being the Army Instructor at the same establishment. In the meantime, he had commanded a battalion of Coldstream Guards, spent three years as G.S.O.1 at the War Office, transferred to the Programme Division of the British Broadcasting Corporation, where he was associated with my cousin, Cecil, had a breakdown, and then accepted the command of the Irish Guards Regiment and Regimental District.

IT was on October 1st that he was gazetted Major-General. His memories of his two years at the British Broadcasting Corporation are rosy, and he still remains in intimate touch with its executives. He speaks fairly fluent French, dislikes detective stories, always writes in Indian ink (a habit he learnt from T. E. Lawrence), and has a command of phraseology that must be unrivalled among senior officers in the British Army. He has been married twenty-three years and has two sons and a property in Hampshire, always wears a red carnation, and belongs to the Travellers' Club as well as the Guards. General Dawnay is evidently very competent, with a flexible mind and a gift of speech which will stand him in excellent stead with the Gentlemen of the Press.

Charles Graves

Baron

Mr. Robert Bingham, the American Ambassador

If every legate had to be typical of his country in the eyes of the nation to which he was sent, Mr. Bingham would still keep his post. Give him a long, thin beard and some whiskers, and you have Uncle Sam to the life. Without them, there is a resemblance to his genial President, of whom he is a strong supporter and a personal friend. Ambassador to the Court of St. James since 1933, and unofficial observer for America of European antics in general, his recent sudden visit to the States this autumn called forth rumours of retirement, which were denied, and of an end to American isolation, which were not. The visit also put an end to Mr. Bingham's plans for shooting: he had regularly visited Scotland for twenty years before becoming Ambassador, and the sport to be obtained here is said to have weighed heavily in deciding him to become Ambassador. He has been thrice married; holds degrees at the Universities of Louisville, Kentucky, Virginia, Charleston, London, Oxford and Cambridge; is a member of five clubs in London, three in New York, and one each in Washington, Chicago and Louisville. This picture was taken on the steps leading down to the garden behind 14, Prince's Gate, the American Embassy

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

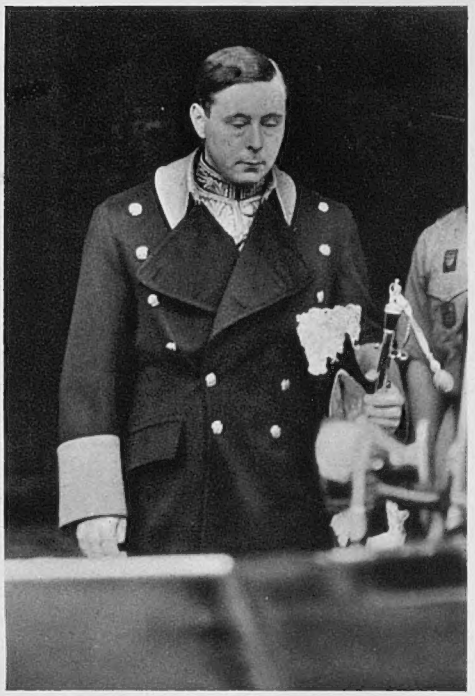
THERE is plenty of work outlined for the Houses of Parliament in the King's Speech. Quite apart from the baffling kaleidoscope of foreign affairs and national defence, which is almost enough to use up the entire energy of a Cabinet, there is to be legislation of first-class importance about coal, electricity, British films, penal reform, clubs, fisheries, rural housing, and other complicated matters. Sir John Simon, leading the House in the Debate on the Address (in the place of the Prime Minister, who had gout), also mentioned a Bill for appointing additional Judges "which was a sequel to the remarkable Parliamentary achievement last session of Mr. A. P. Herbert." This means, of course, that the Government at last is going to do something to reduce the congestion in the Divorce Courts.

THERE is no question about the Japanese success at Shanghai. They have swept forward irresistibly. But it now appears that the main object of the Japanese Army escaped. The Japanese High Command is not so foolish as to attach much military importance, apart from the importance of prestige, to the capture of the smouldering ruins of Chapei. What they wanted was to cut off and capture the bulk of the Chinese defending army, and at one moment it looked as if they had succeeded. But the Chinese retreat was skilfully carried out, and a new line of defence was taken up. So skilful was the tactical side of the retreat that rumours of German expert direction may well be true.

DR. SCHACHT is again having a bit of trouble with the Nazi Government. It is known that he has not seen eye to eye with the authorities on finance and economic affairs for some time, and his resignation from the Ministry of Economic Affairs has been several times offered. It looks, this time, as if it may be accepted. The trouble, of course, has been that General Goering has his own ideas of economics; Dr. Schacht may be compared to a maker of intricate watches, while the General is the sort of man who drives piles into the bed of a river with a big wooden hammer.

The Duchess of Gloucester and a Microscope

After she had been to the Opening of Parliament in the morning, the Duchess of Gloucester went to the Royal Northern Hospital in Holloway Road in the afternoon, to open the Beecham Laboratories. This new pathological, bacteriological and bio-chemical department is among the most up to date in London. The Duke of Gloucester is President of the hospital



The Duke of Norfolk—"Optimist"

The Earl Marshal had just completed his duties at the Opening of Parliament. He went back to the House of Lords in the afternoon, still in his uniform, and made his excellent maiden speech in moving the Address. He ended by declaring himself an optimist, and that he always intended to be one

RIGHTLY or wrongly (and having learnt wisdom, or at least a little of it, I refuse to say which), there are those who maintain that the Spanish Government was elected by the free choice of the Spanish people, and that Dr. Negrin is a lawful, democratic Prime Minister. Dr. Negrin's message to Moscow on the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution in Petrograd will not help them. For in it he held up Russia as the champion of the right of nations to choose freely their own form of Government. Considering the circumstances of the October Revolution and subsequent events in Russia during the last twenty years, I can only suggest that Dr. Negrin is such an acute humorist that, in the event of his losing his present position, he should be appointed the Valencian correspondent of *Punch*.

LAST week I mentioned the resounding kick in the pants which Mr. A. A. Milne brought off at the expense of Mr. L. S. Amery over the question of German Colonies, and held it up as one of the rare triumphs of Literature over Politics. A second triumph followed at once, for Politics gave a loud yelp and refused to play any more. Within forty-eight hours an infinitely less able letter than Mr. Milne's appeared in *The Times* and, presto! Politics came running out of its corner in the nursery with a long reply just as if Mr. Milne had never existed. Resilient fellows these politicians, with an unerring eye for just the right man to hit (*i.e.*, the smallest), and with chain-mail pants.

THE cars in the royal cavalcade from Parliament seemed to be driven a little too fast. At one point in Whitehall a cheer was raised for a car which was expected to contain the Princesses. As

it went past, it was seen to be bulging with Generals and the cheers turned into cheerful Cockney laughter. When the Princesses' car came along, the crowd obviously did not want to be caught again, and did not begin to cheer until it was too late.

HISTORY does not often move so perfectly in a circle as it has in the story of the regular Scottish Cavalry Regiments of the British Army. The idea of recruiting Scottish Cavalry originated in London in the seventeenth century, and John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards the Marquess of Dundee, commanded one of the first regiments of Dragoons for the stamping out of the Covenanters. Other regiments followed, the most famous of all being the Royal Scots Greys.

One by one the War Office in London whittled down the Scottish Cavalry Regiments, until only the Greys are left. Now an English War Minister wishes to mechanise even the Greys, so that Scotland's Cavalry tradition, which began in about 1670 from London, is likely to end 250 years later, also from London.

ONE of the last genuine soldiers of fortune has died, and the world has lost a rarely picturesque figure. General Rafael de Nogales was a Venezuelan with a passion for fighting and adventure. He was educated in Germany, where he became a personal friend of the Kaiser, and fought in the Spanish Army in Cuba, and as a gun-runner to Mexico, and, after some gold-mining in Alaska, he returned to Venezuela to start a revolution against the Government. In the autumn of 1914 he heard the news, in the primæval forests, of the outbreak of the European War, and instantly threw up his command and sailed for Europe. Neither Belgium nor France accepted his services, so he joined the Turks, and commanded a division in Palestine against Allenby.

Afterwards he hunted elephants and whales, and wrote his reminiscences. He was an extraordinary character, very small, incredibly daring, and full of fun. When in London he always visited the Fleet Street taverns in search of his many friends, and usually in the company of Mr. Tschiffely, the man who rode from Buenos Aires to Washington.

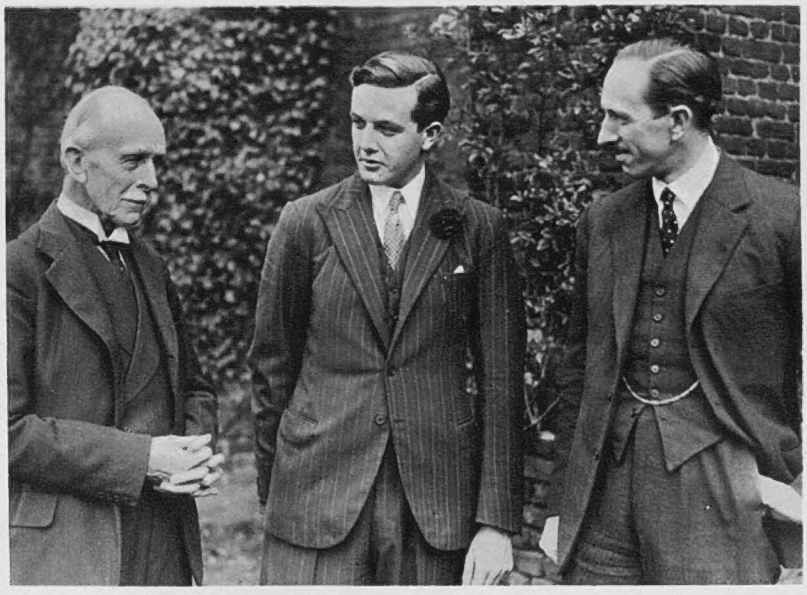
AMERICAN films sometimes display an astonishing courage in exposing and denouncing social injustice in America. "Fury" was a terrible indictment of lynching, but I think it has been surpassed by "They Won't Forget," the subject of which is what is called "justice" in the Southern States. A girl is murdered and the District Attorney sees his heaven-sent opportunity to become Senator of the State if he can only hang a young Northerner, irrespective of whether he has committed the murder or not. He succeeds in getting a conviction and the mob does the rest. By an odd coincidence, on the day I went to see this film I read in the newspaper that another appeal by one of the wretched Negro boys in Alabama had been rejected. Whether or not the District Attorney in the film will forget what he did, there are a good many people in Europe who will not forget the Scottsboro boys.

ONE of our famous monthly journals, full of recipes and patterns for this frippery and advertisements for that, and short stories, and articles, and advice on housekeeping, and such-like matters, has completed its tenth year of success and popularity. In its celebrative issue, it published a series of photographs of great events which took place during these years, with a question underneath each, such as: "Do you remember who did this?"; or "Do you remember when this was?" Answers on page so-and-so. I was greatly interested, until, to my flabbergasted amazement, I came upon a picture of an aeroplane and the question was to the effect: who first flew the Atlantic? And the answer was Lindbergh. We all know that in America it is taboo to mention Alcock and Brown, who flew the Atlantic at least seven years before Lindbergh. But surely over here we ought to honour our heroes. I was profoundly shocked.

EXTRACTS from the celebrated page in the *Daily Mirror* in which Mr. Godfrey Winn lays bare his soul as with a scalpel (technical term) every day are to be published in book form. From all accounts, the sale is going to be colossal. The pre-publication sales are already almost fantastic, which just shows, as you might say. But what it just shows is a matter for each of us to decide for ourselves.

I WONDER if anyone has ever been backed before to beat the world at a game in which he has never once played a big match against a good player. That is the position in which Mr. John Montague, recently acquitted of gangsterism in America, finds himself to-day. Bing Crosby, the crooner, says he will bet on him against anyone in the world. If Mr. Crosby is a man of his word, and I am perfectly certain that he is, here is surely a chance for a syndicate to put up Henry Cotton for as much money as Mr. Crosby would like to cover. For myself, I would willingly stand in for a few bobs.

WE have heard so much for so many years from Mr. Ely Culbertson about the world supremacy at bridge of Mr. Ely Culbertson that it comes as a pleasant surprise to find that even this formidable expert almost pales before the terrific skill of the Austrians who have been playing in London. Apparently the Austrians are amazing, and it is claimed for one pair by their colleagues (almost in the Culbertsonian style) that they never make a mistake either in bidding or in playing their hand. This, however, is the only excursion into the realms of publicity made by these modest and popular visitors, unless you count the fact that one of the players has the truly enchanting name of Jellinek.



Three Generations in the Cecil Family

The Hon. Robin Cecil came of age last week and celebrations were the order at Hatfield House for the second time this year: the first was Lord and Lady Salisbury's golden wedding last summer. Lord Salisbury is on his grandson's right in this picture; on the other side is Mr. Cecil's father, Lord Cranborne

Colonel Sir John Brown, Deputy Chief of Territorials

Sir John Brown, a Major-General while he holds his new post, is an architect by profession. He joined the Northamptonshire Volunteers as a private when he was twenty-one, commanded them later, saw war service in the Suvla and Palestine campaigns. Now he is assistant to Gen. Sir Walter Kirke, Director-General of the Territorial Army

Mrs. Arthur James was talking to the Earl and Countess of Bessborough at Londonderry House. Lord Bessborough's orders are headed by the G.C.M.G.; Lady Bessborough is a D.G.St.J.

Miss Irene and Miss Violet Vanbrugh were two of Lord and Lady Londonderry's guests on Monday night last week

The Earl and Countess of young-marrieds making their these receptions. The last before the Opening of

Pomp and Politics: The State Opening of Parliament and the Londonderry House Reception

The Duchess of Kent

Was just leaving Belgrave Square for Westminster. Her pale gold dress was heavily embroidered, and she wore, for tiara, a wreath of diamond-set leaves, and round her shoulders a white fox cape

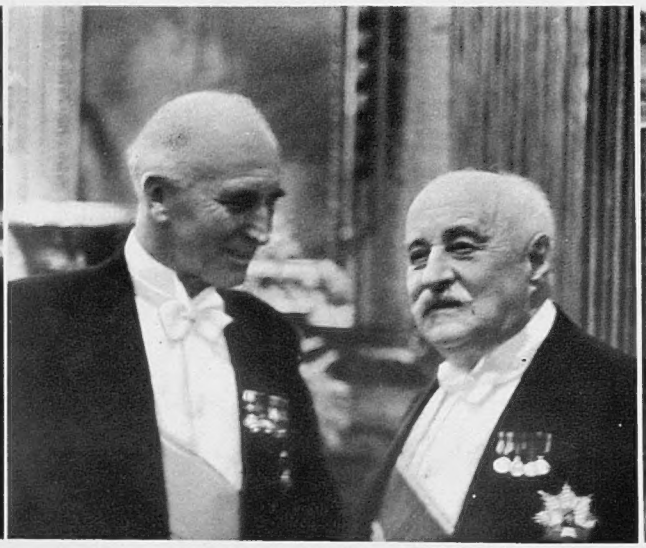
Mrs. Neville Chamberlain

Left Downing Street alone to go to the opening of Parliament, as the Prime Minister was forbidden by his doctors to go because of his attack of gout

Lady Dufferin and Ava

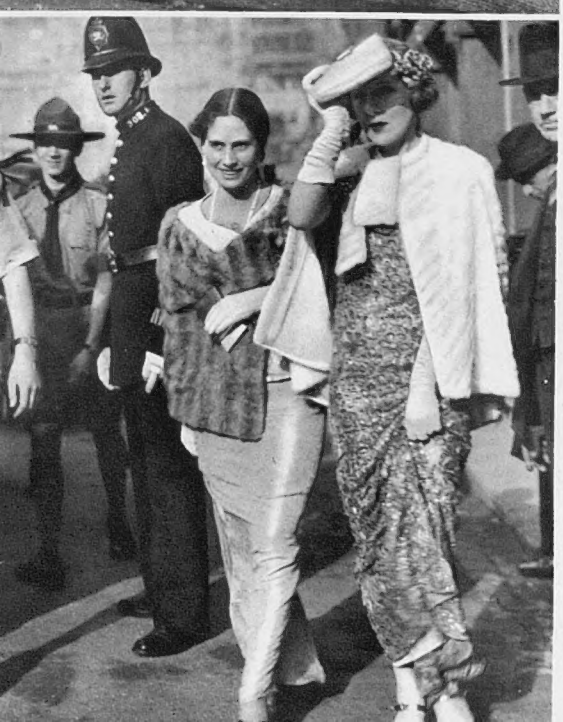
Wore a dramatic white cloak with a high gold-embroidered collar over her dress of pink net, and a shamrock tiara. She went to the Opening with her husband

Shrewsbury were among the first appearance at one of Londonderry House "do" Parliament was in 1935



Sir John Simon talked to Count Mensdorff, the last Ambassador of the Austrian Empire to the Court of St. James, who has been paying a visit to London

Lady Helen Jessel, who is with her husband, the Hon. Edward Jessel, is Lord and Lady Londonderry's second daughter. It is two years since their wedding



Leaving the House of Lords

Above: the Duchess of Marlborough, who was with the Duke, wore a chinchilla cloak over her off-white dress

Above, left: the Marchioness of Graham and her sister-in-law, Lady Mary Boscawen, went together to hear the King's Speech

Above, right: the Duchess of Richmond, in pale pink with a red velvet cloak, was with her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess

Left: Mrs. W. S. Morrison, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, was with Lady Diana Duff Cooper, wife of the First Lord

Right: Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and Major De Chair, the Assistant Commissioner, had yet another State Procession to cope with

Social Register

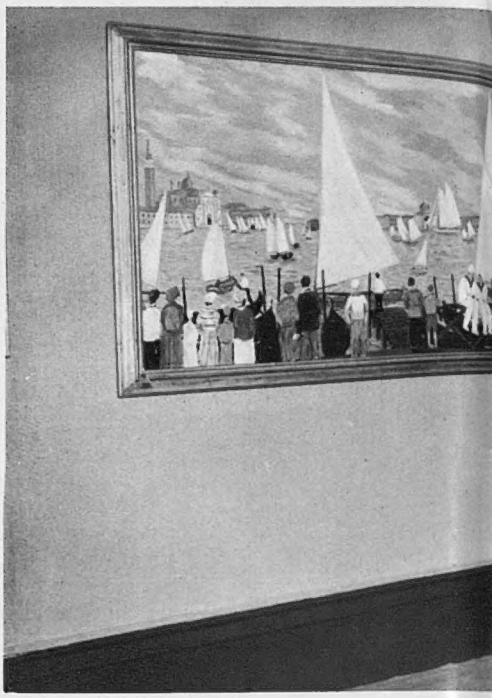
ARTISTS AND PICTURES

Conte Uberto Pallastrelli di Celleri

Is with his portrait of Lady Elizabeth Percy, Lord Clydesdale's fiancée. The artist is a brother of Conte Rafaelles Pallastrelli di Celleri, who is an Attaché at the Italian Embassy

Señor Beltran-Massés

The distinguished Spanish artist was photographed in his studio in Paris with his portrait of Sandra Rambeau, one of the first and most famous of the Dorchester Girls, who now lives over there



Princess Lelia Caetani, Her Mother

Princess Lelia Caetani was showing her mother, Princess Caetani di Bassiano, round at the private view of her exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries. She has only been painting for four years, and has had no formal teaching, though Segonzac and Vuillard have advised her on her work. Her mother is American

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Elizabeth Maud Rhys

The daughter of the Hon. David and Lady Anne Rhys was christened at St. George's, Hanover Square, and has the Queen (for whom Countess Spencer stood proxy) as one of her seven godparents. The Rhys's have a son, born in 1935

Andrew Arnold Lyon Wills

The Queen was also godmother to her great-nephew, the son of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills who was christened at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mrs. Wills, who was married last year, is Lord and Lady Elphinstone's second daughter; her mother is the Queen's sister

A HONEYMOON

The Hon. George and Mrs. Beresford

Lord Decies' only son and Ann Trevor were married in London, at Chelsea Old Church, and sailed next day in the Manhattan for their honeymoon in America and Canada. Mr. Beresford is half American; his mother, who died in 1931, was Miss Helen Jay Gould

and Her Picture

Lady Oxford and an Epstein Portrait

Above, right: Lady Oxford was photographed with Epstein's portrait of Haile Selassie at the private view of the sculptor's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

YOUNG-MARRIEDS IN BERKSHIRE

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish

Right: Lord Chesham's only son and his wife (who was Mary Marshall) have just got back from their South of France honeymoon, and settled into their new house at Wentworth, which they have called Compton, one of his family names

Below are Mrs. Henry O'Rorke (Tunie Karri-Davis that was) and her sister Eileen, at the house-warming party the O'Rorkes gave in their new house in Cliveden Place

AN ENGAGEMENT

Mr. Nevill and Miss Harrison

John Nevill and Patricia Harrison will make a very "outdoor" couple when they are married. He is the son of Major Guy Larnach Nevill, the Eridge M.F.H., and she is the daughter of Major Jack Harrison, the famous polo player

Below: Lady Tichborne and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Richard Snagge, and Lady Iris Mountbatten and her mother, were all at the first night of the ice ballet at Covent Garden

A HOUSE-WARMING PARTY

Mrs. O'Rorke and Miss Eileen Karri-Davis

ICE BALLET FIRST NIGHT

Lady Tichborne, Mrs. Richard Snagge

Lady Iris Mountbatten, Lady Carisbrooke

Anthony

Edna Best Owns Ships in *The Phantom Light*

Jennifer Knowles, in *The Phantom Light* (Haymarket), is not a part that gives Edna Best's talents full scope; as the inheritor of a line of ships, she goes to a lighthouse to investigate the cause of constant wrecks at that point, and meets Gordon Harker as a relief lighthouse-keeper who supplies humorous relief in a series of excellent thrills. Miss Best is looking for a hundred per cent. part after this, and if it doesn't turn up, she intends to write it herself

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Hide and Seek" (London Hippodrome)

MUSICAL plays may be divided, roughly, and pace Polonius, into two groups, consisting of (*a*) those that endeavour first and foremost to be bright, admitting beauty only as an afterthought; and (*b*) those that set out to be beautiful before all things, leaving it to the poor devil cast for the Court Chamberlain to work up a few gags as best he can in between the slabs of romance.

Of these groups, it is to the former that *Hide and Seek* at the London Hippodrome belongs. This you can deduce, before the show starts, from the titles of the musical numbers on the programme: "Merry Madcaps," "Jolly Jack Tars," "Pins and Winkles," "I 'm in a Muddle," "In the Hustle Bustle of Spring," "Versatility"—no operatic voices, no mountain-tops, no sunsets will be required for these.

It is clear that here is to be an evening of unalloyed fun.

EVEN unassisted by these titles, the presence in the cast of Cicely Courtneidge and Bobby Howes would be a sufficient clue. True, there is a touch of pathos in Mr. Howes that might have made him another Jimmy Welch. True, Miss Courtneidge has lately betrayed signs of an incipient desire to be loved for herself alone.

But both have achieved their frightening reputations entirely by their genius for clowning. Both must be almost painfully aware of the fact that, if they don't make the big public laugh and laugh *and* laugh, there will be much hemming and hawing.

The pace they make is, consequently, terrific. In their determination to lose not an inch of ground, they are as energetic as racehorses on a sliding stage. And when the backcloth that unrolls behind displays at last its winning-post, there is all the illusion of a great and glorious victory.

ILLUSION being what the theatre is for, let the victory be conceded. Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Howes are still where they were—marking time at the double. The public will flock and will rejoice to see them, when the curtains part, as a couple of pierrots busking in the rain to a fast-dwindling audience at a seaside show—a very happy start.

Plenty for your money here, all twice as large as life and half as natural. A plot that is provided by a hunt for papers of priceless value. Sentiment that is provided by the sticking together of old pals, even when one of them is in clover and the other on his uppers. A throw-back to the 'nineties, with Miss Courtneidge now a barmaid and Mr. Howes a jockey. A roof-garden cabaret with Mr. Howes striving to conceal the fact that he is a waiter from old friends who have turned up as guests. Miss Courtneidge making hay of her aspirates, tripping over the invisible, preserving offended dignity as her voice breaks like a penny whistle played by a tyro.

And as for hit numbers, "I 'm Happy When You 're Happy" could hardly fail. For, after all, it has never been known to.

I THINK I can recommend *Hide and Seek* to anyone who has never seen Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Howes before. They spare no effort. They work like Trojans. In their own lines, they are incomparable.

But even the best book mustn't be read too often. Surprise in almost every story is such an important element. And as we want new plays from time to time, so we want new performances—not just the old ones over again.

Which may explain why the ingenue performance of Patricia Burke gave me

Epsom barmaid and jockey of 1890: Cicely Courtneidge and Bobby Howes

Sketches of "Hide and Seek" by Rouson

Safety foist with David Burns

He thought it was loaded; Ian Maclean

so many pleasant moments. It's a hard life for an old star—or will they retort, for an old critic?

"The Laughing Cavalier" (Adelphi)

THE titles of some of the musical numbers in this show are "City of Fame," "When Flags of War," "Drink Deep," "Dance, Gipsy, Dance," "You are Perfection," "The Call of My Heart," "Good-bye," and "I Will Love You." From which you may glean that it falls into the second category mentioned in my opening paragraph; i.e., beauty first, and the devil take the humour.

Back, then, to old Haarlem, where there were no jazz bands, but rousing choruses of Laughing Cavaliers sung full blast in the studio of Franz Hals. Back to the famous picture that he painted while its subject was flirting with his wife, under the impression that she was his daughter, and taking her to low haunts like The Golden Tulip.

Back to the heavy past, with real love duets, and chorus girls, with voices, sitting on rough men's knees, and ecstatic meetings and tender partings, and quite nice interiors, and great stretches of inaction, and multitudinous swellings of the orchestra, just like really good music.

PERSONALLY, I prefer both *La Kermesse Héroïque*, which is a gem, and *Miss Hook of Holland*, which was good, unpretentious fun. It is, of course, pleasant at the Adelphi not to see a windmill. But negative delights are too easily outweighed by positive sufferings.

The pleasant memories one carries away from *The Laughing Cavalier* are: (1) Irene Eisinger as Fru Hals, lovely to hear, charming to look at, and altogether quite a duck; (2) John Garrick as Franz Hals, an excellent piece of character-acting, excellently sung; (3) poor Charles Heslop, like a man trying to be funny in a desert, and actually making us laugh many times; and (4) Aubrey Hammond, whose décor must not be ignored just because it has been over-praised.

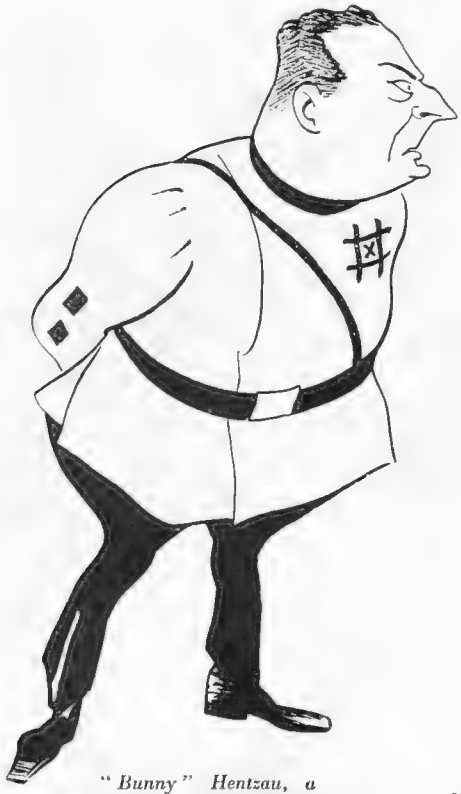
As to Arthur Margetson's Laughing Cavalier, the moustache, as old Isaac might have said, is the moustache of the Laughing Cavalier, but the voice is the voice of Arthur. I don't believe a note of it.

Basil Trent, Oxford and F.O.: Alec Clunes

Otto Sapt, officer and (sometimes) gentleman: Terence Weill

"Punch and Judy" (Vaudeville)

THIS is a skit on dictators by Val Gielgud, set, for no particular reason, in Ruritania. In this country the bubble seems hardly worth pricking. It is certainly not worth hitting with a hammer. However, if Mr. Gielgud can get rid of the German and Italian rights, we shall all change our minds and consider that he has brought off a masterpiece. So good luck to his agent.



"Bunny" Hentzau, a dictator: Frank Cellier

La Vie Ruritanienne: Carol Goodner

Sketches of "Punch and Judy" by Rouson

Baron

Rafael Kubelik — Czechoslovakian Conductor

This young man of twenty-three has recently been in England in charge of his country's leading orchestra, and is probably the youngest conductor of the day to have achieved such a responsibility. The Prague Philharmonic Orchestra gave their first concert in London on October 13th and their second last Friday, and between those days they have given more than a dozen concerts in the provinces. They have been twice to England before, but their conductor was making his first appearance here. He is the son of Jan Kubelik, the famous violinist, and in Prague holds the position of assistant to Talich, the director of the orchestra. The programmes given by him and his hundred musicians consisted mainly of music by composers of their own nationality, headed by Dvořák and Smetana, and were played with a fire, enthusiasm and a passion for rhythm matched by Mr. Kubelik's own vitality and emphatic gesture

Films of the Day

Justice in the Dock: By George Campbell

"HERE," said the bright young Press agent, at the end of the private showing of *The Life of Emile Zola*, "here is something about the Dreyfus case, and Zola's part in it—it may help you to understand the film." And I, who am not much more than half-way to Jordan, if the actuaries can be relied on, felt suddenly very old. I realised that a generation has grown up in whose minds the name of Dreyfus stirs no chord, and Zola is remembered only as the author of *Nana*, and one or two other books, unread, but believed to be mildly smutty.

If *The Life of Emile Zola* stimulates young people's interest in the Dreyfus case, if it helps them to realise what can happen, even in a democratic country like France, when prejudices of race, religion and class are invoked, that is all to the good. The pre-war generation need no such reminder. They can still remember the passions excited by the classic mystery of all time. The Crippen case, the Thompson-Bywaters case, the Sacco-Vanzetti case (the nearest equivalent to the Dreyfus case)—none of these convulsed the world like the trial of the obscure Jewish captain. I am old enough to remember arguments almost as bitter as those which drove French hostesses, in fear of actual violence, to mark invitations to dinner: "Défense de parler de l'Affaire Dreyfus."

WARNER BROTHERS are able and courageous. Their biggest hits of late have been exposés of corruption, hypocrisy and cruelty—films like *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain-Gang*, *They Won't Forget*, and *The Life of Louis Pasteur*. This makes it all the stranger that they should have shirked the issue in the Dreyfus case. There is, unless I missed it, not a single reference to the real reason why Dreyfus was selected for prosecution for Esterhazy's crime—the fact that Dreyfus was a Jew. Unsupported by the forces of frenzied anti-Semitism, even the French General Staff could not have suppressed the truth so long.

THIS rather deplorable fence-straddling apart, *The Life of Emile Zola* is a strong and moving bit of work, as almost any Dreyfus film is bound to be. Paul Muni is an actor of power and integrity. True in detail or not, there is enormous vitality in his study of the young Jewish writer, sacrificing popularity, money, even food, rather than write to order, achieving sudden, incredible success with *Nana*; turning in middle age from fearless campaigning to complacent enjoyment of wealth and fame; and then, when he thought his crusading days over, risking everything in the cause of the convicted traitor Dreyfus.

It is a pity he did not live to see the triumph of his cause. The film gods have been kinder. They kill him off at his desk on the night before the historic ceremony at which the man from Devil's Island is formally reinstated in the French Army, with a rise in rank, a decoration, and a kiss on both cheeks which must have made him feel a lot better about everything. The Legion of Honour has been conferred for a good many reasons. This is probably the only instance of its being won by a man in chains.

GOOD as *Zola* is, *They Won't Forget* is even better. It was made by the producers (Warner Brothers) and the director (Mervyn LeRoy) who made *I Am a Fugitive*; and like that fierce and tonic masterpiece, it takes the lid off Justice down South of the Mason and Dixon Line, and lets the light in on a revolting putrescent mess. The chain-gang picture showed a horrified world life in a Georgia prison. *They Won't Forget* (based on that haunting story *Death in the Deep South*) is an exposure of the forces—racial prejudice, ignorance, bigotry, political wangling and yellow journalism—which are behind most lynchings.

The victim this time is not a negro. There is one all ready for rope and faggot, but he is spared because the district attorney and the local Press scent bigger game—a Yankee who doesn't even recognise Memorial Day when it comes around and is otherwise as popular as Emile Zola would have been in Nazi Germany.

WHO actually did kill the girl whose body is found in the basement of a business college—the Yankee teacher; the negro janitor, whom we first see gloating over *Parisian Stories*; the elderly principal; the girl's jealous boy-friend, or a complete stranger? The film deliberately leaves the problem unsolved. The glimpse of the girl's face as the murderer walks into the classroom, is enough to prove to us (but not the jury, who, naturally, don't see it) that he is not the teacher she adores. Whoever the guilty man, reporters in quest of a story hound down the wretched Northerner; the district attorney sees a chance for a spectacular triumph and a short cut to the Senate. "Never mind what happens in there," mutters the dead girl's fanatical brother, "*we* know how it's going to end." And, sure enough, when the Governor commutes the sentence, a mob snatch the prisoner from his half-hearted guards and lynch him.

As grim and disturbing a film as the year is likely to give us ends with the star reporter speculating on the dead man's guilt, and the district attorney echoing, "I wonder."

You Won't Forget Claude Rains

He takes all the chances the part of district attorney offers in "They Won't Forget," and with Mervyn LeRoy as director and producer it offers plenty. The film is as unforgettable as "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain-Gang" (same direction) and shows how American justice is in the hands of politics and press. It was at the Regal last week and is reviewed here

FAMOUS FORTS

WARWICK CASTLE
was first built in the early days of the Norman Conquest, but is mainly of 14th & 15th Century origin. The first owner Henry De New Burgh was made First Earl of Warwick by William Rufus.

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C.F.H.

"Bystander" Short Story No. 111

"Dy Pzycz"

By Celia Dale

Illustrated by Wyndham Roberts

I THINK perhaps the oddest thing I ever remember happening to anyone happened to Alexis Bibaldo Prapolajk.

You remember Prapolajk—dictator of Ilyria, that little Balkan country swamped so entirely by rival powers that if you searched the map for a week I doubt whether you 'd find it.

"Dy Pzycz" they called him—The Torch. Partly because of his beard—a fizzing, violent, scarlet beard; and partly because his advent had dispersed the murk and shadows of Communism and Imperialism in which, his followers said, Ilyria laboured.

Alexis Prapolajk sprang upon world-consciousness fully grown, like Minerva—who was not, however, his patron diety. "Jupiter with his thunderbolts is my bodyguard, and Vulcan with his Flame!" Prapolajk declared after one of the bi-annual attempts on his life. The thousands who heard him went mad with admiration and national pride, and Prapolajk stood, arms akimbo, bebreeched legs astride, beard jutting, watching with fiery eyes the mass of loyal Torchists that seethed and swayed in the square like a great field of maggots.

That was how the world first saw him—straddled high above the crowd, with his chest bursting with patriotic rage. And that was one of the things that made him a great leader: he was always in a rage about something. If it was not the Imperialists or the Communists, the financiers or the workers, it was the world in general. "Let those who oppose us Beware!" he declared on another public occasion, "Remember that the Torch which gives Light, can also Burn!" a saying which swept the country.

OF his childhood and early strivings nothing seemed to be known—at least, in Ilyria. Foreign journalists, who should know everything, possessed a few snippets of information. An Alexis Prapolajk had been born to a humble cowman's wife towards the end of last century. But the woman had died, and the old man disappeared before Dy Pzycz burst upon his country, so that there is no proof that these were his parents. If they were, then the young Alexis showed no promise of being the great figure he became. He was an unremarkable, sandy-haired child, who tended his father's cows with reasonable competence, and who sang in the choir every Sunday. At twelve he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and at sixteen he was betrothed to the local churchwarden's daughter. The marriage was never celebrated, however, for the shoemaker moved into the city, and Alexis went with him.

Nothing more is known of him for a year or so. Then he pops up again as co-treasurer, with Serge Kratchz, of the Youth Health Club, an organisation sponsored by the Church. Kratchz and Prapolajk were close friends, both mainstays of the excellent movement in which they are first seen together.

But Kratchz, whose information would have been so valuable in identifying the young Alexis with Dy Pzycz, disappeared round about the time of the first Torchist coup. And as Prapolajk himself, when asked for details of his early life, always replied: "There is no Past. There is only the Future," no one ever got much further in what was, after all, a secondary matter. For it was the adult Prapolajk, leader of two million roaring Torchists, that was important.

Ilyria was a sort of half-hearted and rather comfortable republic when Prapolajk and his followers marched on the capital. At least, they didn't really march *on*, but merely *into*. Wondering people came running to the main street one morning to see line after line of singing, cheering youths in purple tunics, waving revolvers and purple flags, march through to the town square. At their head, on the only horse in the procession, sat an immobile and impressive figure. His purple shirt was slung and re-slung with belts, bandoliers, field-glasses, compasses and revolvers. His red hair lifted in the wind, and his red beard—that wonderful, arrogant red beard which gave the final, arresting touch to the man—jutted pugnaciously. Who he was, or who his followers, the Ilyrians did not know. But they were a stirring sight, and practically everyone fell in behind the last marchers, and followed to the square.

There the red-bearded man dismounted, and marching up the steps of the town hall, turned and crossed his arms. Thus he stood for some moments, while the hubbub in the square muted. Then the beard moved. "Ilyrians," he said, "You are Free!"

At that there was a tremendous roar from the Torchists, who, for the most part, filled the square. Some of them began to dance, some to sing, and some to kick a baker who had enquired from one of them what Ilyria was freed from. In the general excitement the townspeople too began to sing and cheer. Prapolajk surveyed them from his eminence, then turned sharply on his spurred heel, and disappeared into the building.

From that time Prapolajk ruled Ilyria. He became their King, their Father, their God. To lack knowledge of Dy Pzycz or of his utterances was to be less than heathen. To question either was treason, heresy and a barbarism too foul to be tolerated. His followers went to other people's executions as proudly as the Christian martyrs went to their own. In time even the Communists ceased to function, exterminated or won over as much by the personality of Prapolajk as by the fists of his disciples.

For the personality of Prapolajk was a very definite thing. It was almost entirely, as far as the uninitiate could judge, visual. He so utterly *looked* the part.

In actual fact he was a short man. But no one was ever allowed to get within ten feet of him except his private bodyguard, and they were short men too. His public speeches were always made from the top of a flight of steps, from a balcony, or from the plinth of an ancient monument. So that if ever you did manage to get close to him it was quite a surprise to find that he wasn't the giant you 'd expected.

Then he always stood in impressive poses; he was a thick-set man, although short, and looked amazingly powerful with arms akimbo and chest thrust out. And, of course, his red hair and, most of all, his beard, made him indeed a most resolute and awe-inspiring sight. It was his beard that set him apart not only from other Ilyrians, but from other Dictators. It

(*Concluded on page* viii)

Anthony

Robert Helpmann and Margot Fonteyn in *Giselle*

Giselle was due at Sadler's Wells last Tuesday for the first time this season, with Margot Fonteyn as Giselle and Helpmann as the Prince. It is just a year since Margot Fonteyn first took this great classical part, which demands both technically and in mime all that a dancer has to give. Her acting in the first part, when the happiness of a young girl in love turns to heartbroken madness, is profoundly moving, and, throughout, her dancing has a lyrical quality and since last year has an added assurance of technique. Helpmann dances with his usual distinction as the Prince; he plays a romantic part with exceptional dignity and sympathy.

The *Giselle* picture is one from Gordon Anthony's book of camera studies of dancers, *Ballet*, which was published by Geoffrey Bles a week or two ago. It contains nearly a hundred photographs; divided between five companies—de Basil, Blum, Vic-Wells, Jooss, and Markova-Dolin—and Arnold Haskell has contributed an introduction and notes on each dancer. Gordon Anthony is giving an exhibition of his more recent work at Sadler's Wells for two weeks from next Tuesday. This is the first of a series of exhibitions to be held at that theatre throughout the winter season, in aid of the Vic-Wells Plan for the development of the national ballet company and school

The Secondary Armament Looks Out to Sea

This is one of the secondary batteries amidships; the heavies are always fore and aft. Atop the Captain's bridge and the Admiral's bridge in the picture below, right, can be seen the special bridge built for King Amanullah ("Have Another," to the Navy) to watch exercises from in 1928

"All Present, Sober"

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

The Mainmast With Its Searchlight Platforms

With the Services (9)

Routine on the Nelson

After Divisions at 0900 (9 o'clock), when each officer inspects his division and reports to the Commander that all is correct ("All present, sober," was the old style), the whole company is marched on to the quarter-deck for prayers, which must be read every day, at sea or in harbour. Then they break into divisions again for a quarter of an hour's physical drill under a petty officer. After this the men are told off for the forenoon's work—of which there is never too little for the thousand-odd hands on board a battleship. For gym. proper, which may take place twice a week, the men wear only singlets and white trousers, but the regular drill is done in the rig of the day. China Seas, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean—they are all familiar with the voices of British petty officers shouting "Hands on hips: trunk slowly forward . . . bend"

Left: Looking Aft to the Admiral's Bridge

Resin for Her Points: Danilova Gets Ready to Go On as the Dancer in "Petrouchka"

Making-up by the Garish Ligh

The Corps de Ballet Like to Know Who the Flowers a

Back Stage at the Ballet

Five Camera Studies Made at Covent Garden—But the Atmosphere Belongs to All Dancing

The absorbed concentration, the nervous tension behind the curtain while a performance is going on, the exhaustion when it is over, are as universal in a theatre of which ballet has taken possession as the trivialities, highbrow abstractions, and seriously critical discussions that agitate the foyer during the interval. Back-stage, artist and craftsman can be distinguished from each other as they wait for their entrances, one rigid and irritable with tortured expectancy, the other placidly ready for the evening's work. The corps de ballet can amuse themselves looking at the cards on the bouquets which, somewhere at the back, are laid out, patiently waiting to be hurried into the ballerina's arms as the applause and the curtain rise and fall

Photographs by John Philips from "Life"

ts of the Men's Dressing-Room

Adjusting Her Shoes: the Dancer's Eternal Preoccupation

For and Who Sent Them

The End of the Ballet—Platoff Comes Off Stage After "Francesca da Rimini" with Sweat Pouring Through His Heavy Make-up

Russia Comes to Cadogan Square

Man and Wife: Wyndham Goldie and Flora Robson

She: "You do dramatise things. When you are in the bath you give a superb imitation of a man having a bath"

Man, Wife and Lover (Jack Hawkins)

"What is it? Is anybody else here?" "No"

Monica (Victoria Hopper) to her stepmother (Flora Robson):

"Don't touch me. There were many things I didn't understand—now I do"

Original line for Nannie (Margaret Emden):

"Don't upset yourself so. Come upstairs, dearie. What I always says is there's nothing like a nice cup of tea"

in "Autumn"

Basil Dean has signalised his return to theatre production with an adaptation by Margaret Kennedy and Gregory Ratoff of a play by Ilya Surguchev. The characters become outwardly English but their emotions and situations remain Russian; this is a slight drawback to a play which offers as much good red meat as the theatre has seen for decades. In his cast Mr. Dean is very lucky, for the deep and the shallow moments are equally safe in the hands of Wyndham Goldie, as an eminent K.C., blind for half the play, Flora Robson as his wife who deceives him with his junior (Jack Hawkins), and Victoria Hopper as the stepdaughter who takes her mother's lover. *Autumn* is at the St. Martin's Theatre

Photographs by John Everard

The Infernal Quadrangle: Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie, Victoria Hopper, Jack Hawkins

Sir Brian, with his eyes unbandaged, makes his wife accompany her stepdaughter when she sings "The Broken Vow." Hawkins was the woman's lover, is now the girl's fiancé

Sir Brian (Wyndham Goldie) discusses a wedding present with the donor (Muriel Aked): "Is this the child, I wonder?" "From what I gather, it is—er—part of the mother"

Right: resignation rather than reconciliation ends the play

Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

Mr. Wells Coates, Architect, Has a Full Life

Wells Coates, founder of the Mars (Modern Architectural Research) group, originator of the flatlet, designer of public utility buildings, such as broadcasting studios, laboratories, consulting-rooms, and one of the most practical members of the slum clearance movement, always meant to be a constructor. But circumstance, wanderlust and the war prevented his start until he was thirty-five, so that his reputation is the work of only seven years (he will be forty-two a fortnight to-day). Born in Japan, he received his education there from tutors (including a native architect), circled three-quarters of the globe at eighteen to enter McGill University and take a B.A. and B.Sc. His education continued in London, Vancouver, and with engineering or architectural firms, with a break as gunner in France and scout pilot in Italy, until he started his practice: it has grown rapidly, but not enough to prevent him playing squash, rowing, building a yacht, preparing a book on town-planning and studying for Naval Architects' exams. He lives in Elizabeth Street, Belgravia

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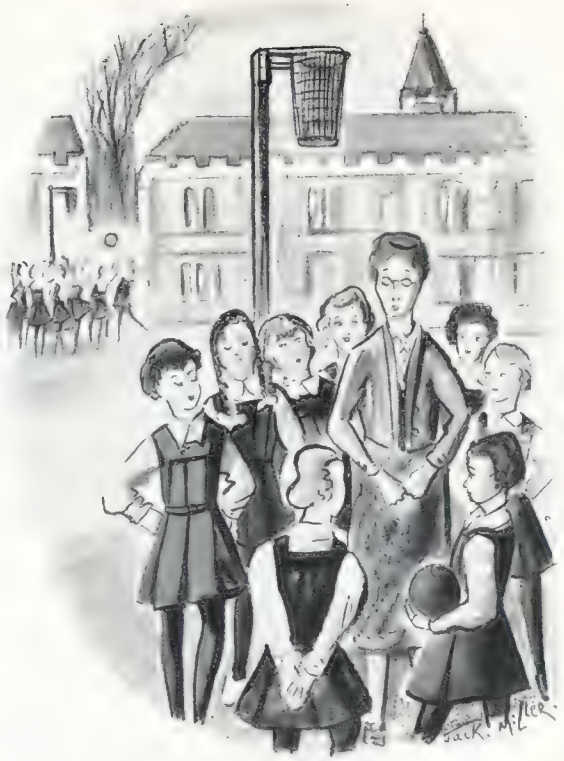
Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Girls, give St. Mildred's hell"

FLOODLIGHTING and redecoration of the dining-rooms and other changes will enable the Parliamentary boys to devote themselves to their duties with even more than their customary zest this session. Even the strangers' dining-room, which used to show what M.P.s thought of the scum they invited to dinner, has been made more light and airy, and deprived of its smells. And the bars, the jolly bars where the boys can throw back their drinks at any hour during session, exchanging wisecracks about the law-ridden saps outside, will function as merrily as before. Some years ago when we knew some M.P.'s (since ejected) and used to feign a lot of interest in political affairs we were frequently sickened by this cynical talk. One late moonlit summer night on the Terrace we shall always remember. Some sort of frowsy debate was taking place inside, and there we were, with a group of M.P. boys who had sensibly dodged it, lying back in our chairs and enjoying the river and the cool of the night, sipping our drinks and telling laughable stories. In one of the rooms on the Terrace, we remember, a lot of chaps who 'd been dining together were singing the Old School Song with great emotion. In the smoking-room other chaps lay about asleep. Politics seemed to us the ideal occupation that night, and we laughed harshly as we thought of all those remote earnest pop-eyed political workers in turn-down collars and stringy ties always talking of Progress and Reform and this and that, and making up deputations and the Lord knows what. Deputations! Pooh! Deputations are lucky they don't get a big kick in the pants, we thought. The odd thing was that though constituents ourselves, mixing with M.P.s made us imperceptibly haughty and insolent, and we 'd have given any deputation a passing kick ourselves. It isn't sadism, it just grows on one in that peculiar atmosphere.

Rus in Urbe

THERE ought to be a lot of hearty hymn-singing in Welsh chapels at the moment, what with a national Milk Drive run by advertising emperor Sir William ("Bill") Crawford, and what with all these milk bars. There seems now to be one milk bar every five yards between Charing Cross and Ludgate Circus, which may be illusion. Anyway, the milk boom is obviously doing the Welsh quite a bit of good, seeing that most of the big London combines and 90 per cent. of the small milkshops are practically a Welsh monopoly. (See Caradoc Evans. Milk and drapery alone bring the Welsh to London in hundreds every year.) Perhaps Mr. Lloyd George is even now preparing an emotional thanksgiving fantasia on milk to deliver to his countrymen in that chapel behind Oxford Street in which he sometimes preaches.

Dealing constantly in milk ought to make people pure, gentle, and good; so how d'you account for those two rival dairy exhibitions in London, the other day, the British Dairy Farmers' Association at Islington and the National Dairymen's Association at Olympia? Don't trouble to suggest any reasons. We 've lived in the country ourselves, and we know the black hates that seethe behind the whitest smock. If those two dairy exhibitions had been forced to assemble under one roof the place would probably have swum in milkmen's gore.

We watched hollow-eyed town-weary citizens staring at the Dairy Farmers' exhibit in the foyer of Charing Cross Underground station, where two dummy cows with movable heads and tails chewing fragrant mouthfuls of real hay brought a breath of the byres into the smoke-and-petrol murk of Charing Cross. We knew what all those citizens were dreaming of—Arcadian quiet and innocence, lavender and haycocks, green fields and milk and apples, happiness, love and peace. We hadn't the heart to disillusion them, poor urban snakes.

"You promised we could have some Elinor Glyn to-night"

Artist

IT 's unusual for the artist who designed décor and costumes for a musical (or any other) show to walk away with the first-night honours of a new West End production, especially if he is British, but there was hardly one critic of any importance who didn't give Aubrey Hammond first prize after the recent Adelphi opening, we observed; and rightly. That

ballet scene for one in Haarlem Guildhall, danced by Nini Theilade and half a dozen others to old Dutch tunes, is a bit of sheer æsthetic perfection, music, colour, grouping, and action perfectly co-ordinated. (We may add that we get nothing for saying this. We get the customary rake-off for mentioning books in this page—*e.g.*, A. G. Macdonell's new book the other day, for which he gave us a free taxi-ride and a ninepenny cigar—but we mention stage people very rarely and with the greatest reluctance, their terms for regular work being so far beneath contempt.)

Mr. Hammond, who is ten feet high and weighs three tons, is not only our foremost scenic artist but a constant traveller, as the Repairs and Adjustments Dept. of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grand Express Européens have frequently complained. He speaks three languages fluently, English, French, and unsuitable, and has been in a dilemma in practically every civilised capital. Once in a Budapest cabaret a beautiful gypsy dancer slipped on the floor and fell into the same dilemma as Mr. Hammond, and it took five hours before they could be released, the carpenters working in double shifts. Fortunately, neither was hurt, and Mr. Hammond's keen sense of the proprieties prevented a mere romantic accident from developing into anything which might cause idle tongues to wag. A sympathetic account of the incident appeared in the Budapest *Bicycle News*.

Campaign

BETWEEN three and four thousand teetotal males and females are being enrolled by the United Kingdom Alliance to go round in the New Year dropping into parked or otherwise stationary cars small cards with such printed slogans as "DRY ROADS ARE SAFE, DRY DRIVERS ARE SAFER," and "HENRY FORD SAYS THE WORLD MUST CHOOSE BETWEEN LIQUOR CONTROL OR MOTOR CONTROL"—this last being a less snappy crack from this thinker, perhaps, than "History is bunk," his best so far. The A.A.'s prediction that this campaign will probably annoy most motorists and defeat its own object is probably accurate.

It wouldn't defeat its own objects if the U.K.A., among other drearies, knew how to launch propaganda. We 'll bet 90 per cent. of the teetotal charmers employed in dropping these cards on motorists will be anything but easy to look at. Whereas if every motorist about to unpark his car found a ravishing blonde on the front seat, and if this blonde flung her arms round his neck, lisping "Alcohol ith All Wight for the Engine, but Tewwibly Bad for the Dwiver," and other slogans, interspersed with passionate kisses, he might begin to think there was something in this teetotal idea, dammit. Such a plan wouldn't be difficult to carry out, either. Every time a male Hollywood star lands in London 50,000 girl film-extras, mostly easy-lookers, organise that frantic rioting which sets the aunties writing to the Press asking indignantly what British girlhood is coming to. (The answer being "This.") Hiring these girls costs about half a guinea each. We put this idea up to the U.K.A. in all seriousness, the proper way to put things up to a corporation which hasn't a single laugh in its whole gaunt body.

Fair to Warmer (Faugh!)

THIS winter, announces Professor Sandstroem of Stockholm (whom God preserve !), will be "exceptionally mild," and next summer will be "particularly warm and dry." The Professor bases his prediction on observations of the Gulf Stream, which is warmer this year than last. He adds that if the Gulf Stream continues to get warmer, "considerable changes in climate" are likely, which anybody could have told us. We wouldn't personally mind the Gulf Stream growing increasingly warmer till we had a permanent Riviera climate in England, but it would be a terrible blow to poor Dr. Inge.

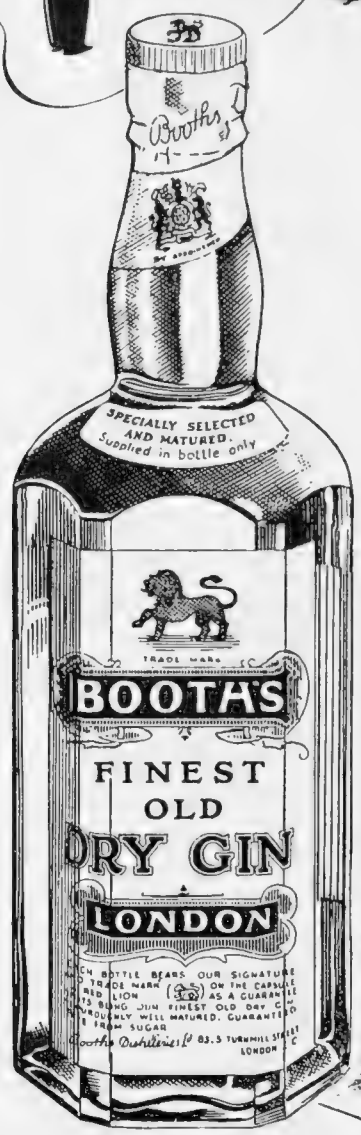
It would be a blow to Dr. Inge because the Sturdy Nordic Character of the Race (which has Made Us What We Are) would inevitably be sapped by continuous sunshine, and sooner or later we Nordics would come to resemble the Degraded and Now Declining Mediterranean Type. (Even the Swedes, the neatest, smuggest, and most nicely-behaved boys in Europe, would probably start wearing red roses over their left ear and knifing each other.) Our skins would get darker, that Clean, Healthy Public School Appearance would go, big business men would take to the siesta, and other less creditable Continental tricks, and we should all be plunged in the grossest ignorance, superstition, and vice. For all this the Gulf Stream may yet be responsible. God, it 's terrible !

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"We can't make him understand we aren't playing blind man's buff, Sir"

"Say BOOTH'S Gin"

BY APPOINTMENT



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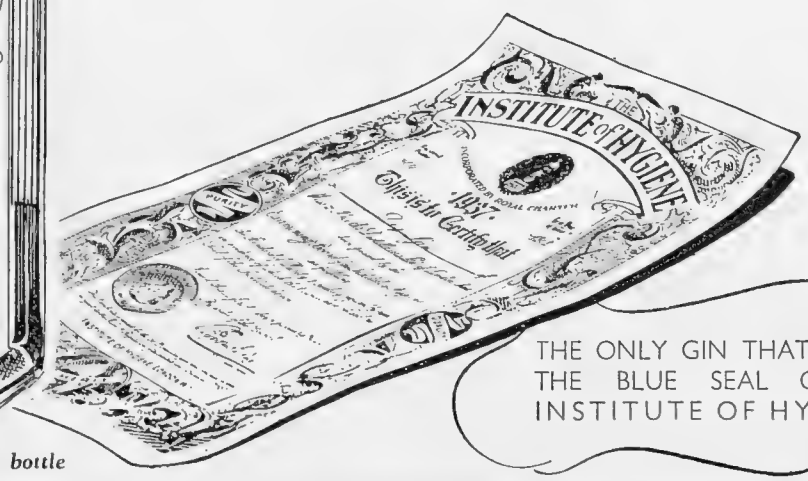

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Bartlett on Bartlett: By Alan Thomas

MR. VERNON BARTLETT has written his autobiography, *This Is My Life* (Chatto and Windus; 12*s.* 6*d.*), and begins, characteristically enough, with an apology for doing so. But surely no apology is needed? Anyone who has gone as many places and done as many things as Mr. Bartlett has a right, if not a duty, to tell the world what his experience has been. At all events, here is the story in full, from his first remembered action (it was to kick his little sister's small behind) to his present period of perplexity, when, as he says, "I am more doubtful about my career than a boy who has just left school and quite as uncertain about my ambitions." In the meantime, to instance but three episodes in his crowded life, he has kept Mussolini waiting for an hour, he has gazed into Hitler's large brown eyes, and he has sat alone with Ll.-G.—sipping mead. It is a fascinating story packed with interesting people and experiences, and full of good anecdotes. Vernon Bartlett, moreover, as everyone knows who has listened to his broadcast talks on foreign affairs, is one of those people with an instinct for understanding and interpreting the feelings of the ordinary man. To say that he has never quite grown up (look at his picture in the frontispiece, where he is examining with obvious delight, not a Government Blue Book, but a toy giraffe!) is not to suggest that with the passing of the years his judgment has not ripened: Heaven and readers of the *News Chronicle* know *that* isn't true; it is on the contrary to say that in the intricate maze of events in which his life is lived, and in the exalted circles in which he has revolved, he has never lost touch with the simple people—the people all over the world who desire nothing better than to work and live in peace—whose interests, in his fight against war and injustice, he has for the past fifteen years or so been serving. Cynicism—in spite of much opportunity—has never destroyed his faith in human nature. This is one of the many reasons why his book will have a very wide appeal.

FOR a good, up-to-date thriller, on the model of Buchan at his best, I can confidently recommend Mr. Val Gielgud's *Outrage in Manchukuo* (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Gielgud does not attempt to fob us off with imaginary names of imaginary countries. "I have the honour to report, your Excellency," says the arch-villain, Captain Rudiger von Maltzan, to the General commanding the Japanese forces in Manchukuo, "that the memorandum of the Imperial Japanese Government relating to the question of a definite date by which in their view hostilities against the Union of Soviet Republics should begin, has received the closest attention of the German Government." So now we know. High politics, however, are allowed only to loom ominously in the background. The main story is concerned with the mysterious journey of a Hollywood film star—with the superb name of Scarlet Royal—into the wilds of Mongolia, and with the pursuit of them by an English couple who successfully combine a honeymoon with a spot of Secret Service. Mr. Gielgud knows how to get his effects, knows how to keep the pot of excitement on the bubble. His story kept me up long after bedtime.

Vernon Bartlett

Has published his autobiography, "This Is My Life," which is reviewed here this week. He chose this picture of himself for frontispiece

MR. PATRICK BALFOUR'S new book, *Lords of the Equator* (Hutchinson; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is not only a very entertaining travel-diary: it is also a valuable contribution to the study of the colonial problem. Mr. Balfour lost no time in making his trip to Equatorial Africa: "Saturday on the Thames, Monday on the Niger, Wednesday on the Congo." His route, covered partly by air, train and river, but mostly by lorry-hopping, took him from the French Congo into Angola, then up the West Coast to the French and British Cameroons, across the Belgian Congo to Tanganyika and Kenya, and home via the Sudan—"a varied journey through a continent of remarkable variety." The reader who is out for amusing episodes and witty descriptions will not be disappointed. On the serious side Mr. Balfour gives the fruits of his study of colonial administrations—British, French, and what was formerly German. He discusses the pros and cons of restoring colonies to Germany, but concludes that the question "can never be settled on African merits alone. The answer must always be found in Europe, and as long as Germany is assumed to be a menace to European peace, it is likely to remain in the negative." In general, he feels that the "modern Liberal conscience" is too much of a good thing. *In loco parentis* to the African tribes "we have swung from the extreme of Dr. Arnold to the extreme of Dartington Hall." I don't think Mr. Balfour likes the modern Liberal conscience. And perhaps some modern Liberals won't like Mr. Balfour's book. But for all that, it sheds a flood of light on darkest Africa.

"THE MARRIAGE BROKER," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a disappointment, partly because of the high standard one expects from her, and partly because of the weakness of the story itself. There are too many fools in it. One may perhaps forgive the young American-Irish ingénue, Bridget Malone, who, from being a humble little orphan in a convent school, suddenly comes into a colossal fortune, joins her guardian for a month or so in Paris and gets herself all but enmeshed with a bogus Georgian prince. Her error was unwitting, principally because she had no wits. There is less excuse for her middle-aged, sentimental guardian, Mrs. Kathleen O'Donnell, who should surely have known better than to hand her ward over so unquestioningly to a woman recommended by the hotel cashier, and actually in the employ of a rascally marriage-broker, Mme. Clara Bonnechance. And when the blow falls, what is to be said of the Paris police, *and* of Mrs. O'Donnell's nephew, Kevin, *and* of the old-world courtesy colonel who keeps on calling Mrs. O'Donnell "Mavourneen"—all of whom jumped to the conclusion that Bridget herself had sought the services of the marriage-broker, without troubling to ask themselves whether or not the poor rich girl had been the victim of a plot? The story has its moments of excitement, but neither the plot nor the characters carry very much conviction.

A BOOK that I think will make a special appeal to many readers of this paper is *The Horn, A Lay of the Grassington Foxhounds*, by Patrick R. Chalmers (Collins; 6*s.*). It is a novel written in verse—

> *a story which you'll find to be*
> *A tale where Love takes second place to Hunting.*

The author—better known, perhaps, as P. R. C., of *Punch* and *The Field*—begins his narrative somewhat in the style of Masefield and works the story up to a fine, dramatic finish. A special gift edition of the book is available at 25*s.*—an early suggestion for the Christmas list.

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The British Minister's Daughters

Miss Pamela and Miss Sylvia Lloyd Thomas were photographed at the Marquis de Ganay's famous house, which their father, Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, has taken. He has been British Minister since 1935. Pamela Lloyd Thomas was a debutante last season

Greyhound Racing

M. "Edy" Dubois goes greyhound racing regularly on Thursdays, the smart night at Courbevoie. In his party recently was Mme. Besançon de Wagner, who is better known as Maggy Rouff, the Paris and London dressmaker

Lady Mendl

Fur on her hat matches Lady Mendl's tremendous fox cape. She is a friend of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, and no doubt has entertained for them while they have been in Paris

News From Paris : Where the Exhibition is Still a Big Draw

How Smart is Bicycling . . .

So smart that a golden bicycle decorates the window of a famous dressmaker in the Place Vendôme. Mrs. John Moffat, American wife of a Scottish husband, was the admiring passer-by

En Route for Pictures

Mr. Tony Havelock-Allan and Miss Valerie Hobson had been lunching at the Corrida and were going to look at the Van Goghs in the Exhibition. Valerie Hobson is playing lead in Korda's Technicolor film, "The Drum"

Outside the Ritz Grill

The Countess of Abingdon and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, senior, were the two outside the Ritz Grill. Lady Abingdon, who has such an attractive smile, was Elizabeth Stuart-Wortley before her marriage in 1928

This England . . .

Firle Beacon and Village of Alfriston—Sussex.

A NOBLE ancestry is only of value if it confers upon the present heirs those qualities of good-breeding that are expected of such descent . . . "The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." The English have an instinct for breeding well, as they have for commerce (are they not, indeed, stock-breeders to the world?). And hand in hand with it there goes—must go—a strong sense of tradition, that pervades even the daily routine. Your Worthington has a long and honourable ancestry—yet its golden richness is as pure to-day as when it was first entered in the stud-book of good English things.

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Past and Present County Cricketers Played a Golf Match at Sundridge Park

Surrey and Kent were the rivals, and B. H. Valentine played for the latter: he created a new amateur course record with 67

Jack Hobbs was photographed driving from the second tee; he played against L. Todd, of Kent, and beat him

A. Sandham (Surrey) beat F. H. Huish, secretary of Sundridge Park Golf Club, and organiser of the match

Howard Marshall on Sport

WHAT with bribes to footballers, and the Warwickshire cricket captaincy affair, and the arrangements for the public dinner to Henry Cotton, the sensation-mongers are being kept busy.

I suppose it is only natural that such things should crop up in the world of sport; but I wish they could be consistently minimised instead of invariably magnified. It may be true that Fred Biddlestone, the first team goalkeeper of Aston Villa, has been offered £1000 to let his side lose. Biddlestone very properly handed the anonymous letter which contained the offer to his club officials, and that should have been the end of the matter. Somehow, the story leaked out, however, and we are led to deduce that bribery and corruption may be rife in Association football. This, of course, is grotesquely untrue. Biddlestone is not the only player of repute to be offered bribes. But any suggestion that Soccer results are influenced by such unscrupulous methods is fantastic.

It is a pity that the attempt to influence Biddlestone was made with the purpose, as the letter explained, of upsetting the football coupons, for this presents the opponents of football pools with an argument against a system which gives harmless pleasure to a great many people.

It is, at any rate, an isolated incident which need not be taken too seriously.

I THINK we may say the same about the projected dinner to Henry Cotton, which fell through owing to lack of public support. This has been interpreted in various ways; and it has been said that Cotton's failure to appear in the postponed Southend tournament caused him to lose popularity. I can well believe that his defection caused considerable local disappointment in Southend. But I greatly doubt whether it affected his position with the golfing public at large. Cotton, after all, had a perfectly good reason for declining to play at Southend, and my own view is that he is as popular as he ever was.

Oddly enough, I sat near him at a public luncheon only a few days ago, and his reception when he made an excellent speech was extremely cordial. Cotton took the opportunity to explain his point of view, remarking that the professional golfer's job calls for concentration so complete that sociability is rather at a discount.

"Put yourself in my shoes," said Cotton, "and imagine what your response would be if a man came up to you, as you were about to make a decisive stroke in a championship, and said: 'You remember me, don't you? I'm the fellow who picked up your hat when it blew off at Brighton in 1931'!"

IN my opinion, there was lack of support for the public dinner to Cotton, which was arranged by the committee of the Ashridge Club, simply because people are sick and tired of public dinners. It would take a great deal to persuade me to go to a dinner even to so eminent a person as Cotton; and I imagine many other people feel the same way about it. I know they do, in fact, because there has been much discussion lately about Rugby football dinners. The attendance at many of these functions has dropped off considerably in recent years, which does not surprise me in the least. Of all the dreary functions, commend me to

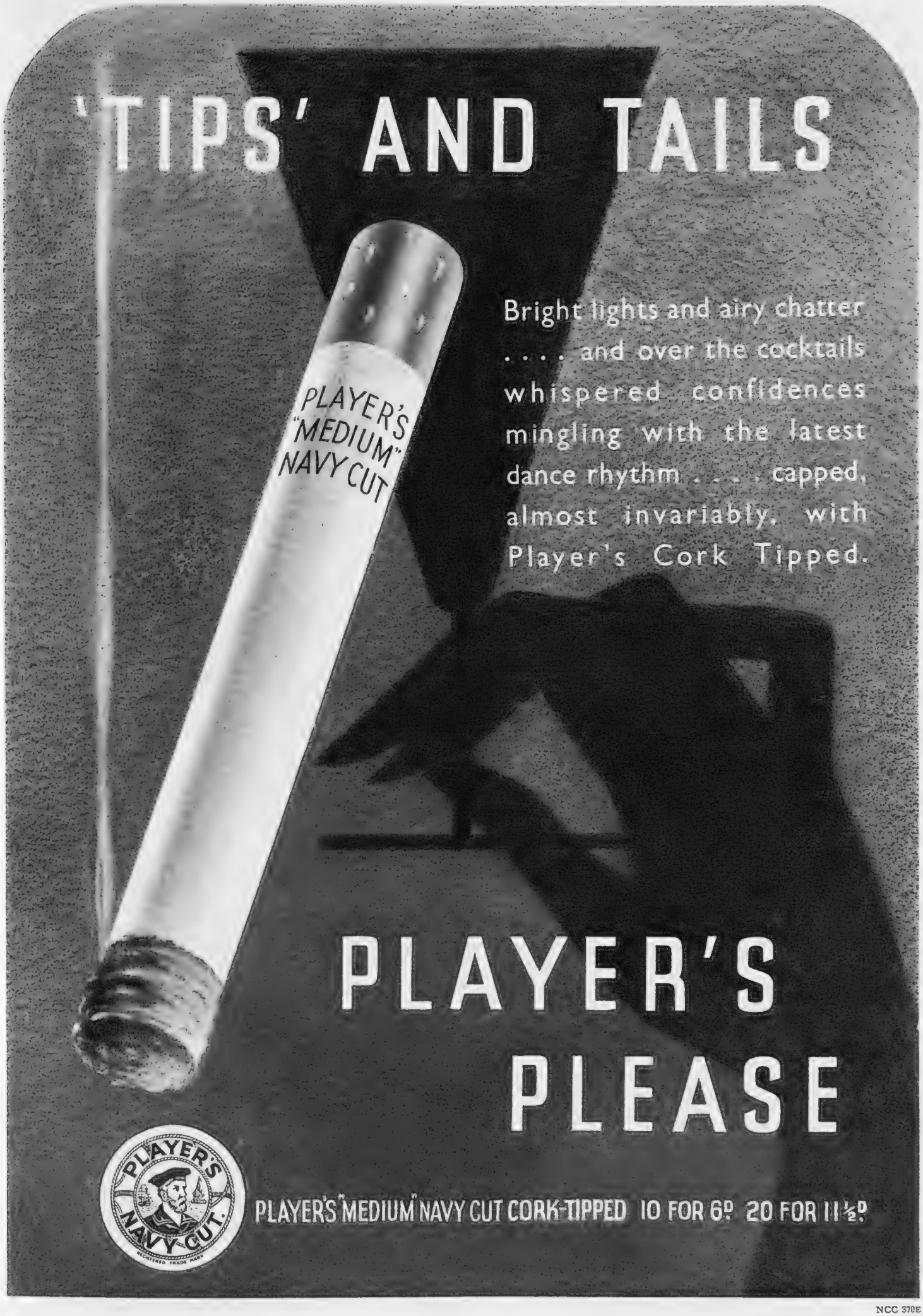
(Concluded on page vi)

Cambridge's Three Internationals

Cambridge have three Rugger Internationals up this term: R. B. Bruce Lockhart (Corpus) and W. B. Young (St. Catharine's) have played for Scotland, D. A. Campbell (Jesus) for England. Bruce Lockhart is not an old Blue, but will probably be Low's half-back partner on December 7th

With Lord Burghley's Hounds

Lord Burghley's private pack had a day's cubbing at Courtenhall, by invitation of the Grafton Hunt, and two followers were Lady Romayne Cecil, Lord Burghley's younger sister, and Miss Diana Wake, Sir Hereward and Lady Wake's second daughter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Bright lights and airy chatter .... and over the cocktails whispered confidences mingling with the latest dance rhythm .... capped, almost invariably, with Player's Cork Tipped.
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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Lady Heathcoat-Amory at Worplesdon

On the golf page of the Bystander of October 20th, there appeared a photograph which many of those who had been present at the Worplesdon Foursomes must have found most interesting.

It was a photograph of the players in Lady Heathcoat-Amory's first match, taken just after the players had left the first tee. On the left was Mrs. Stedall, looking rather frightened but smiling; in the middle were George Adams and Sir John Heathcoat-Amory, both laughing and obviously determined to enjoy their game thoroughly, and on the right was Lady Heathcoat-Amory, looking very grim and rather miserable. This photograph showed very clearly the mental attitudes of the various players to the game about to be played.

Fru Widengren, who as Miss Ferelith Low has played in the Worplesdon Foursomes on numerous occasions, was taken ill on her arrival from Sweden, and was unable to play. Mrs. Stedall, who is the lady captain of the Worplesdon Golf Club, and plays from a handicap of about six, stepped nobly into the breach; but I understand it was not until she had actually stepped in that she discovered she had to play against the best lady golfer who has ever swung a club. It looked as if the Worplesdon committee intended Mrs. Stedall to give Lady Heathcoat-Amory a nice, pleasant, comfortable round, and some useful practice on the course; if it did, she most certainly exceeded her instructions, as she came within a hair's breadth of putting out her distinguished opponent.

She played extremely well; in fact, with the exception of two tee shots, she hardly made a mistake, and holed several awkward, and some long, putts. Adams was woefully short on the sixteenth green, where his side had a great chance of becoming one up; otherwise he played magnificently.

Lady Heathcoat-Amory was, very naturally, more anxious to win this year, with her husband as partner, than she has ever been before, and I am convinced that this was the main reason why she played less well than she had ever played at Worplesdon.

It was indeed a strange sight to see the best lady golfer of all time taking the club back such a short way that, if she had been playing another game, the umpire would have been undecided whether to give "sticks" or not, and also snatching at the ball. Although she was far from at her best, she did play two really wonderful shots: she put the second on the green at the twelfth, and when it was touch and go at the last hole, she produced a shot that I very much doubt anyone else in the field would have played under the circumstances, and which probably no one else was capable of playing.

She put a full spoon shot from the right of the course, from where the angle is extremely difficult, close to the hole, to win it and the match.

Sir John Heathcoat-Amory drove with his spoon, and, at first, seemed to think that if he kept the ball in play, nothing else would be required of him. How wrong he was! Instead of keeping the ball in play, he spent most of his time getting it into play.

He played tremendously well in this match, and he had to; if he had faltered for a moment, his side would have lost; time and again he was left with very nasty putts, and he holed them all like a man, with a very ancient steel-bladed putter.

Unlike all Lady Heathcoat-Amory's previous partners, he—curse him!—did not appear in the slightest degree nervous or in the least overawed by the occasion. The grunts of his partner's numerous lady admirers, on the few occasions when he made a slight slip, appeared to amuse him, instead of making him want to bury his head in sand, as they had done to his predecessors.

Every winner has one bad round on the way to victory in knock-out golf tournaments, and after this match it was generally thought that the Heathcoat-Amorys, now that they had survived their bad round, would go from strength to strength. These opinions appeared justified when they won their next two rounds comfortably, and especially after they had slaughtered such a good pair as Miss Doris Park and Noel Layton. It certainly seemed then that there was a very good chance of Lady Heathcoat-Amory winning yet again.

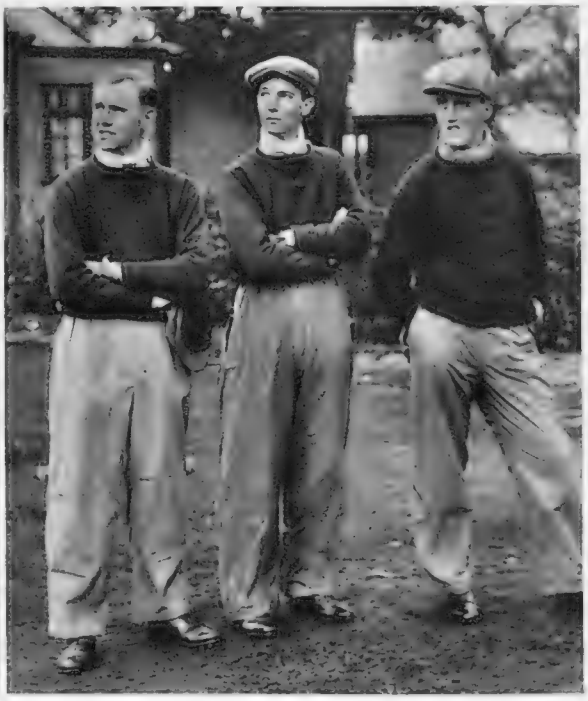
But, alas! it was not to be, as Miss Kathleen Garnham and A. S. G. Thompson defeated the Heathcoat-Amorys by one hole in the fifth round, in a match in which there were more bad shots than good.

After being two up, Miss Garnham's side presented the eighth, ninth, and tenth holes to the opposition; at the ninth, Thompson drove out of bounds, and at the short tenth, Miss Garnham visited a bush, and her side lost the hole to a badly played four.

According to the rules, the Heathcoat-Amorys should now have gone right ahead and won at their ease; but, instead, they put their tee shots into trouble at the next three holes, and found themselves two down with five—or five plus x—holes to play, a position which the superstitious say always wins.

The Heathcoat-Amorys were made another present at the fourteenth, but were still one down playing the eighteenth hole, where, with defeat staring him in the face, Sir John played a very bold, and very good, pitch from the left of the green, and left his partner about two yards to hole to save the match; unfortunately, she hit her putt half-heartedly, and not boldly at the back of the hole as she used to, with the result that the opposition got the necessary half for victory.

I am sure that all golfers hope to see the Heathcoat-Amorys playing together again next year, and that they will have better luck. Sir John cannot be blamed for their defeat, and certainly has nothing with which to reproach himself.

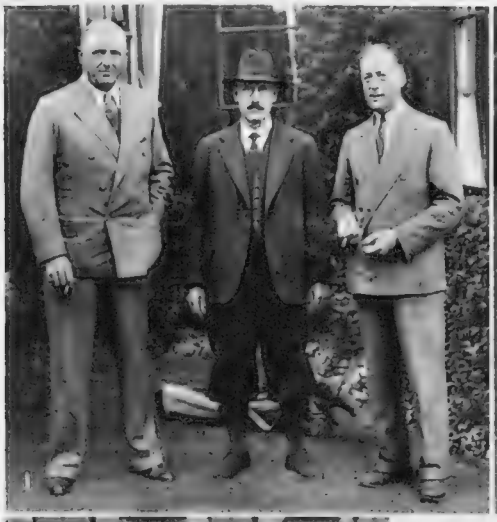


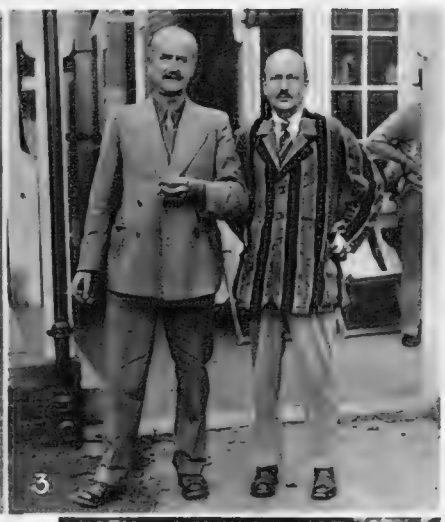
Cambridge University Won the Term's First Match, Against Royal Wimbledon

T. R. Macgregor (Clare) and Sam Dalley (Emmanuel) won their foursome against Simmonds and Grant-Govan by 3 and 2; each won his single, too

J. W. D. Goodban (Christ's) and John Langley were two of Cambridge's six old Blues; Langley won the top single against the local course record-holder, R. Rutherford

These three are G. O. Peake (R. Wimbledon), I. M. Stuart (Trinity), and W. S. I. Whitelaw (Trinity), the last a new comer to the Cambridge team; the undergraduate pair beat Peake and D. Montagu by 3 and 2 in the foursomes





Golf Clubs at Home

Porters Park, Radlett

This club is situated at Radlett and was founded there in 1899, though before then golf had been played round a neighbouring common. The ground is very well suited to golf, being light loam park turf upon gravel and sand. The situation, too, is sheltered and very pleasing. The club has many unique traditions and a strong esprit de corps. The Porters Park team won the "Star" men's tournament last week; members of the team are starred in the list below

A View of the Club-house

(1) Major Percy Burton, C. M. Hamble (president), E. C. Dix (captain). (2) E. S. Markham (ex-captain). (3) Captain F. H. Lawrence (secretary) and L. J. Reid (ex-captain). (4) R. E. A. Bott.* (5) A. M. Harding.* (6) Charles Arnell. (7) S. Seddon. (8) A. G. Snelling* (committee). (9) Captain Mackenzie (ex-captain), R. Woodbridge, H. D. Roberts. (10) W. O. Kennington (committee)*

Last Week in the Home Counties

By Eleanor E. Helme

Winners of the "Star" Inter-Club Trophy

West Hill regained the trophy they held in 1935 by beating Royal Mid-Surrey in the final at Wentworth, by 3½-1½. The team was: (behind) Miss M. Raworth, Mrs. Anderson (non-playing captain), Mrs. Crombie; (in front) Miss Brenda Norris, Mrs. A. C. Johnston and Mrs. R. L. Kennedy

DEAR BYSTANDER—

MOUNT VERNON HOSPITAL Cup Day at Moor Park caught the last day of summer. The ball ran prodigiously; the sun shone; the tints were glorious; the hospital was the richer by two hundred pounds odd; and, incidentally, the High Course has a new ladies' record—72 from Mrs. Davies, of The Berkshire, ex-Sussex Champion. The ladies had been kindly treated this year. Not only by the hard ground, which made the course play short for them, and by the usual custom of letting them play from L.G.U. tees and adding three on to their handicaps, but by the new tiger tees, built for the *News of the World* Tournament, which meant that the poor men of the party had to walk away back into the country for their drives. It was rather remarkable, by the way, that one of the shorter of the plus men, the holder, Mr. C. J. Anderson, from Northwood, should have headed the men's scratch list under those conditions, but his pitching and putting were superb, even to holing one shot out of a bunker, and he deserved all he got. So did Mrs. Davies, who entirely earned the cup which goes to the best net score done by man or woman.

Mrs. Davies is one of the players helped by hard going, her run being proportionately greater than her carry; but what gave her this grand score was the way she played the shots up to the pin with any club, from spoon down to the putter. The game looked easy; it was also eventless—except for the putting of a spoon stone dead for a three at the long thirteenth—as all the finest rounds seem to be. Men competitors outnumbered women by three to two, and have annexed the cup in the same proportion during its existence. Altogether a notable feather in Mrs. Davies's cap.

NEXT day the fog descended. Eighty competitors with handicaps under 13 groped their way through it to Northwood for the Middlesex Senior Meeting, and waited an hour there till it had lifted enough for something to be visible further on than the first bunker, and a wan sun was shining on the festoons of cobwebs which gave so strange an illusion of snow all over the fairways. They were very hungry and weary players who came in to lunch after three o'clock, and those who had energy left to discuss anything were hot on the trail of why a round nowadays takes so long to play. After all, the competitors who played for the wrong hole had finished before these had started; there were no tales of lost balls or any other major delays. Only, the first ten holes were taking one hour and forty-five minutes to play — by the end of which time the interest of almost everybody had evaporated. That is a common cry this autumn, and the question is always "Why?" At this rate, a limit of time, as well as of clubs, will soon have to be made.

Runners-up at Wentworth

The Royal Mid-Surrey team which lost to West Hill in the final of the "Star" tournament was: (behind) Miss Rhonda Rabbidge, Miss Mervyn Barton, Mrs. J. A. Barton, and Miss V. Black (reserve); (in front) Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Cavendish Fuller (captain)

HOWEVER, Miss Doris Chambers rose superior to everything, and added Middlesex honours to her sweeping of the Veteran board the week before, with a really good 78, two strokes better than Mrs. Satchell, who had gone out in 36 and looked set for a win. Miss Chambers did not do that going out, for the putts would sidle past the hole and so waste fine chipping, and the first nine holes cost her 41. But she really got down to it coming in, and her spoon on to the last green was the shot of a conqueror. Mrs. Satchell's 72 headed the handicap list, and she had the Besley Bowl for handicap aggregate on spring and autumn meetings; Mrs. Guedalla taking the Lewis Smith Cup for scratch aggregate. After that, a creep back in the fog that had descended again. Autumn golf has its drawbacks.

SO has Ashridge, that most delightful and fine of Hertfordshire courses, if judged solely from the rather narrow standpoint of women wanting to beat men there, with no more than six strokes to help them on their way. The Cambridge Outlaws were distinctly too strong for Miss Fishwick's team under those conditions, even Miss Jessie Anderson having to take a beating—though only 2 and 1—from Langley. But it was a very cheery day, with some good golf, and the autumn foliage grand.

WEST BYFLEET was in faultless order for the Surrey Silver Division meeting, and it was all very just and suitable that Mrs. R. T. Peel, who belongs there, should win the scratch prize with 77, only two more than the par of the course. Going out, she putted rather indifferently; coming home quite beautifully, and so was back in 37. That last nine paled before Mrs. Heppel's 35 home, but she had taken 45 to get out, so all that she could do was win the scratch aggregate. The Coronation Medal under handicap went to Miss Brand, from Reigate Heath, whose 84—13=71 was really astonishing going; Miss Jean Anderson won the handicap aggregate and Worplesdon the inter-club shield.

It would be difficult to imagine greens in better condition, and the course was bone dry, in spite of the weather having done its very worst the day before. One hundred and thirty people undoubtedly enjoyed their round there to the full.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Graceful sculptured lines distinguish Maggy Rouff's winter collection now being shown in her new premises at 12a, Stanhope Gate, Park Lane. She favours deep, vivid colours in shades of red, blue and ochre, and for evening has introduced a bright Gauguin pink. Her accessories are delightfully original and include unusual muffs, absurd bouquets, fantastic jewellery, and three suède bags in contrasting colours and graduated sizes linked together by a gilt chain bracelet. The dress on the right is characteristically draped to the figure and cut with a slender skirt. It is carried out in heavy black crêpe and has a high collar which is held in position by small bones. Touches of colour are cleverly introduced by a bunch of sequin violets on one shoulder and again on the black velvet muff

Wear These Together and Apart

A warm coat is essential at this time of year, and something which combines warmth without weight is particularly desirable. The Motoluxe model on the left is ideal, since it is smart, very warm, and extraordinarily light. It is cut like the new "jigger" jacket, and is made from the same quality yarn used for the world-famous Motoluxe rugs, but has a shorter, closer pile. It is available in several colours, including winter tan, nigger and elephant blue. Motoluxe coats are sold practically everywhere in a variety of styles. In case of difficulty, however, enquiries may be directed to Lansdell and Willson, 24, George Street, Hanover Square, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent

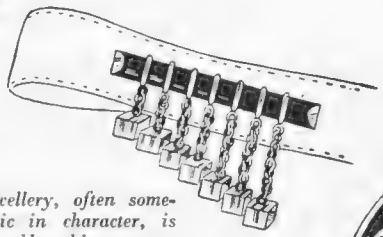
Scott Bushe

There is something very cheering about gay tweeds on a grey day, and the suit on the right strikes a particularly happy note. It is designed and made by Smee, 55, South Molton Street, and is admirably tailored. "The coat of many colours" is short and close fitting, with rounded corners and four pockets. It is made in Scotch "Rainbow" tweed with a medium-size check, and is accompanied by a plain black skirt in soft bouclé. This plan of mixing black with colours is very effective and gives scope for variety. A smart alternative to the suit pictured would be a black and white shepherd's plaid skirt with a black coat piped with silk braid. Mr. Smee is adept at designing suits which flatter the figure and camouflage ugly curves. His charges are from six guineas for a tailormade or full-length coat in tweed or suiting. Patterns of materials will gladly be sent free on request, together with a self-measurement form for mail orders

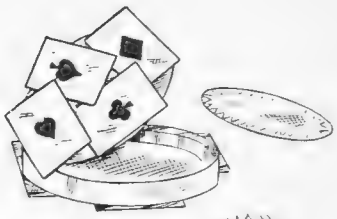
the bystander turns in search of NOVELTIES

discovered by Zeta

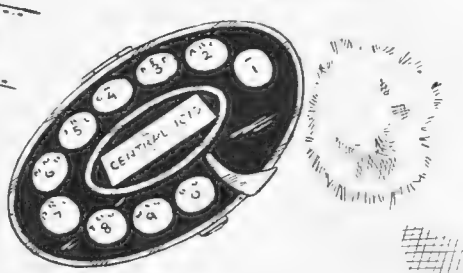
pictured by Pam



Costume jewellery, often somewhat barbaric in character, is very fashionable this season. Sketched above is a brooch from Roderick Tweedie, 7a, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, with seven emerald-green "bobbles." It may be worn in several ways and costs 29s. 6d.



Carry this dial flapjack with your telephone number inscribed on the lid, and it will always be returned when lost. Rivoli have it in black and silver enamel for 13s. 6d., complete with sifter and swansdown puff



Call "no-trumps" with this decorative powder case in gilt and enamel from Rivoli's in Gooch's, Brompton Road. It is fitted with a sifter and costs twelve and sixpence — an excellent idea for Christmas

This parchment belt mounted on leather from Roderick Tweedie is something quite new in the way of accessories. It is hand-painted with hunting scenes and measures approximately an inch and a half in width, while the price is fifteen and sixpence

Furs of exceptional beauty may be seen at Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street, who designed this ingenious collar with a two-fold use. It is shown in red Kamchatka fox with black American broadtail scarf ends, and with the aid of a sliding fastener is speedily converted into the muff on the right. The price in this case is 15 guineas, but varies according to the fur chosen

Individual touches mean so much where clothes are concerned, and the brooch illustrated below is decorative and unusual. It consists of a long spear attached to a bunch of coloured marbles, and costs a guinea at Roderick Tweedie's

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The New O.H.V., 12/4 Series III. saloon. This car takes a big step forward in Morris design, incorporating most of the best 1938 features: and it promises to be as popular for next year as its fellows have been in the past

THE ink is hardly dry on the last few words of the history of the 1937 motor-racing season when news reaches me of the plans and preparations which are in full swing for 1938.

Grand Prix racing, as you may know, is governed by an internationally approved formula, so that all the cars which compete have certain limitations placed upon them and certain common characteristics. It is rather droll to reflect that the formula for the past four seasons aimed primarily at limiting the speed of the cars in the interests of safety, and yet, within its limitations, racing cars have been developed which have raised the speed and the whole standard of Grand Prix racing to the most fantastic heights.

Nominally, the international formula is a kind of three-years' plan, and that which was introduced in 1934 has run for a season longer than was originally intended, but this has made possible the perfection of the cars constructed under it.

The 1934-1937 formula governed weight rather than power, as it was felt that by imposing a maximum weight of 750 kilogrammes (a little over 14½ cwt.) on the cars, designers would be unable to build cars of great power which could be kept on the road at speed.

It is largely due to the metallurgists that this apparent impossibility has been achieved, for, due to the application of their discoveries, the intrinsic lightness of the modern highly efficient Grand Prix engine is such that the Auto-Unions, for example, have actually been able to fit engines of six-litres' capacity and still keep their cars within the requisite weight-limit.

AT the time the expiring formula was introduced, the Italian Alfa-Romeo was absolutely unassailable in European racing, and, indeed, it remained so under the new arrangements for the first season; but since the German cars got over their initial experimental troubles they have completely outclassed the Italians.

The development of the engines and of the supercharging of them was, of course, the first consideration during the early days of the 1934-1937 formula, but the better the engines became the more urgent became the problems of applying the speed obtained. With the amount of power at their disposal which the new engines gave, in chassis weighing little more than a perambulator, the drivers found it increasingly difficult to maintain control. The slightest flick of the accelerator when the front wheels were but infinitesimally on lock, and the cars would spin round like tops.

In order to minimise these difficulties, entirely revolutionary ideas in weight-distribution and suspension were tried out. Independent springing, allowing all four wheels to bounce up and down separately, has become the vogue, while the Auto-Unions have found adhesion further assisted by the use of the historic torsion-bar springing designed by their famous Dr. Porsche, and by placing the engine at the rear of the frame.

FOR 1938 to 1940 a new formula will be in force, and again it is contrived mainly with a view to keeping the speeds within the bounds of safety.

It is for this reason that the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs, the body governing such affairs, has decided to limit both engine-size and weight during the coming three seasons. Thus unsupercharged cars will have to come within 1000 c.c. and 4500 c.c. capacity, the minimum weights at either end of this scale being 400 kgs. and 850 kgs. respectively. Supercharged cars will have to be constructed to come within 666 c.c. for a minimum weight of 400 kgs. and 3000 c.c. for a minimum weight of 850 kgs. From this it will be seen that the power of the existing Grand Prix engines is cut down by about fifty per cent., while the weight is also reduced appreciably.

Whether or not this will make the cars safer remains to be seen. Personally, I believe in limiting engine size, but I think weight can be so cut down that the cars become less rather than more controllable.

Fly When Winter Comes

By Charles Ward

A Douglas D.C.3 in action. This particular American-built liner belongs to Swissair and was used for a tour of the southern airports of England at the end of last month. Its capacity is twenty-one passengers and crew

THERE 's magic in the air when one can take off from Croydon or Southampton and reach the sun and the warmth of the South of France in a few hours. By Imperials, Egypt is two days distant, Baghdad, for those who like deserts, is three; whilst Kenya, for safari, or the Persian Gulf for pearls, are four days away. India has been brought closer still by the Empire flying-boats, one of the two weekly services being operated right through to Karachi from Southampton, in the same machine. I had a taste of the Pullman comfort of this class boat in the summer—to Rome in seven hours, with a short halt at Marseilles for fuel. Unlike the Company's land aircraft, there is a smoker aboard, so that the rush for the door and the inevitable cigarette outside is no longer noticeable when the 'plane lands. The "promenade" is a great attraction, especially for the younger passengers, who feel the need to look overboard in order to test their powers of observation and air their general knowledge of places and things seen below. It also serves as a "bar" for the more blasé traveller, who can reminisce, leaning with glass in hand, to anyone within earshot. And it 's easy to talk in the Empire boats, for there 's no appreciable noise. The Company advertises the comfort of its armchairs, which I can endorse with feeling, having slept as in a chaise longue for quite one-third of my seven-hour journey.

BRADSHAW has tabulated many additional services for this winter—by K.L.M. across the Alps to Milan; by Imperials to Budapest, though there are rumours that this may not be maintained, owing to demands on the aircraft for Empire feeder lines. British Airways will fly to Sweden each day, and there are three international lines to Switzerland, with an on-demand connection between Zurich and St. Moritz. Air travel is popular, for at the middle of last month, which marks the beginning of European winter schedules, all traffic records at Croydon were broken—twenty-four liners were needed during one day to carry passengers to Paris alone. The lure of the Exhibition and the cheap franc were responsible. I heard a traffic manager murmur: "Very gratifying—very gratifying."

BABIES have raised a storm in the air. Must a mother with a child in arms charter a 'plane with passenger seats for two? The Air Ministry's licence for an aircraft refers to the number of souls that may be carried in seats provided for such souls, but it also limits the total weight. If a two-seater flies with two overweighted passengers, it is breaking the law, yet it appears that it may fly with three under-weighted souls and keep within the law. The issue is subject to a common-sense ruling—no child in arms, i.e., one under three years of age, could be trusted in its own seat in an open machine, so what is a poor mother to do? There will be no answer to this problem until some mother does take passage in a two-seater, say over the North Pole, with her baby, and having lost same overboard, makes a claim on the wealth of cash and compassion of our Captain Lamplugh at Lloyds.

ALTHOUGH success is a quality which succeeds, it is hoped that Miss Batten will be content to rest on her well-earned laurels for some time to come. With the Australian records in her log-book, a crossing of the dangerous Tasman Sea, and fastest flight across the South Atlantic, she has done as much as, if not more than any living pilot, man or woman, to prove that flying over long distances is safe, given the ability to navigate, the right machine, engine and accessories. Her Gull, with the Gipsy Six, is the same one that was used for previous records. Petrol was by Shell, oil by Wakefields, and K.L.G. supplied the sparks. Numerous other manufacturers shared in the reflected glory of a very fine achievement, but the palm of victory goes, of course, to Miss Batten herself, who steered a good course, and defied sleep for the most part of 5 days and 18 hours.

EGYPT

'We're on a winner here!'

'That's our horse . . . Number Five . . . If it wins, I'll throw a party at Mena House tonight'

'Oh—lovely . . . And don't forget we're dining and dancing at Shepheard's on Friday. Those nice people we met at Luxor have asked us . . .'

'We're playing tennis at Gezira on Saturday, too'

'And lunch tomorrow at the Semiramis. Isn't Cairo gay?'

Special points of interest . . .

* The climate by day in winter is like June in England. But the nights are fresh, so warm clothes are advisable.

* The English pound is worth its full value in Egyptian currency.

* The comfort of Egyptian hotels is well known, yet they are not expensive. Throughout the season (October to April) special gala nights are held weekly.

* Racing is popular in Cairo and Alexandria, in fact, sport of all kinds is available including duck shooting, snipe shooting, riding and squash.

How to get to Egypt . . .

1. BY SEA . . . 10 to 12 days. Steamers go to Port Said. Fares to suit your purse. You leave from several different English ports.

2. BY AIR . . . From London to Alexandria. 2 days.

3. OVERLAND PART OF THE WAY . . . Train-de-luxe to Marseilles, Genoa or Venice. Then by steamer to Alexandria. 4½ days.

4. OVERLAND ALL THE WAY . . . Simplon-Orient Express from London to Istanbul. Through Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, to Cairo. 6½ days.

THE EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU, 29 Regent St. London S.W.1 (Regent 6680), or any of the recognised travel agencies, will give you full information.

TRAVEL BY THE MISR AND KHEDIVIAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES

Howard Marshall on Sport *(Continued from page 188)*

the average Rugby club dinner, with its wearisome platitudes about the spirit of the game by some unfortunate representative of the Rugby Union and its round of dull speeches by illustrious footballers who appear at one dinner after another.

THEN there is the question of R. E. S. Wyatt, who has been relieved of the captaincy of Warwickshire. Here again I think we must beware of the danger of making a mountain out of a molehill. Wyatt is a great player, and I should say the keenest cricketer alive. He has captained Warwickshire for eight years and the club are perfectly aware of the value of his playing abilities.

There is, however, nothing startling in the decision of the county to make a change in captaincy. Warwickshire have not done particularly well in the championship and the committee felt that by appointing Peter Cranmer to lead the side their luck might change.

Cranmer's methods will certainly be more adventurous than Wyatt's, and Cranmer himself is an extraordinarily lively personality. Whether he will make a good captain remains to be seen. But in the meanwhile the experiment is neither surprising nor sensational. It may be that Wyatt will decide that he does not wish to play next season for Warwickshire. That also would not be sensational. Wyatt has a birth qualification for Surrey and if he chooses to play for Surrey instead of Warwickshire, he may surely do so without setting the gossips' tongues wagging.

I AM afraid I cannot turn up any more sensations for you this week, though it is alleged that the Welsh Rugby authorities are concerned because referees in Wales are failing to apply the revised laws with sufficient strictness. There will, I am afraid, be many differences of opinion before the Rugby machinery runs quite smoothly. But in the meanwhile it seems to me that things are settling down quite well.

I must admit that I have had a letter from a leading authority who complains that in England no attempt is being made to conform to the new scrummage rulings; and it may be that I am unduly complacent. I feel, however, that in due course our difficulties will solve themselves and that we are already well on the road to more enjoyable Rugby football.

FINALLY, a Cesarewitch note. The heavy going suited Punch splendidly, but it upset one or two long shots in the betting. One of the most poignant stories of the race is that of a friend of mine who had backed Fet six weeks ago, and stood to win £400, which he sorely needed. As you may remember, Fet was leading a hundred yards from home and everyone was shouting him on, and he seemed a certain winner.

My friend, exalted beyond measure, with the cash as good as in his pocket, felt a tug and turned to see a small man disappearing through the crowd with his field-glasses. The subsequent pursuit and confusion took time, and my friend, rather hot and bothered had subsequently to discover at second-hand that his horse had lost.

It would have been remarkable if Fet had won for the second year in succession; but no more remarkable than the feat of Mr. George Allison, the Arsenal manager, who brought off the autumn double for the second time running.

He made his selection, I am told, quite casually during a train journey. But, whether it was luck or judgment, the bookmakers won't like it. And Arsenal supporters will hope that Mr. Allison will continue to pick players as well as he picks winners.

Make This Shopping Engagement

The BYSTANDER commends—especially to people who like to do Christmas shopping in good time and for a good cause—the War Disabled Men's Exhibition at South Kensington which, for the first time, is under the patronage of their Majesties the King and Queen. It will be opened by the Duchess of Kent at 11.30 a.m. on November 5th, and will then be twice "reopened"—by Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes on November 9th at 3.30, and by Mr. Leslie Henson on November 12th at 3.

Plaited baskets made by a blinded, one-armed man, so perfectly that his own sighted instructor has been unable to do better, are among the many interesting and beautiful things to be offered for sale. They also include bedroom furniture, bedding, glassware, folding tables, garden furniture, tools; for the very old there are wool rugs, foot muffs, workbags, and cushions, and for the very young soft toys and crackers for their parties.

The Exhibition will be open until November 25th.

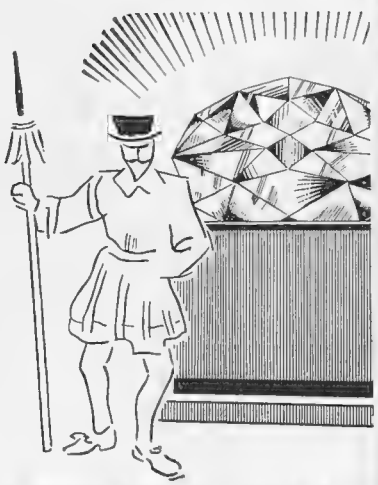
All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

.....



A MIGHTY MAN WAS "CULLINAN"

He found a priceless diamond,
And they called it by his name.
Now it costs a lot of money,
But that's the price of fame.
I'm glad they haven't priced
Double Diamond Port the same.

A Port and a Gem, each of their type flawless. The one without price — the other 6/6 a bottle — but, Messrs. Morgan Brothers beg to state, you MUST insist on

DIXON'S
DOUBLE DIAMOND
PORT

Morgan Bros., 14 Trinity Sq., London, E.C.3

"Snug as a Motoluxe Rug"

There is an air of quiet dignity . . . an atmosphere of luxury associated with a Motoluxe Motor rug. It gives comforting warmth without bulkiness, and colourings are obtainable which will tone with any shade of upholstery.

At the standard price of 5 guineas it is an excellent investment in comfort, and will remain an asset to the appearance of your car for all time.

Other Motoluxe Productions:

Footmuffs to match the Rugs	39/6
Baby Carriage Rugs	29/6
Gauntlet Gloves	21/-
Ladies' Coats from	4 Gns.
Mens' Coats	9 Gns.

Write for the latest illustrated booklet of all Motoluxe products to:

EVERY GENUINE MOTOLUXE BEARS THIS LABEL
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THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS
Agents Everywhere

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS 8° & 1/3

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GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT PASTILLES
FOR YOUR THROAT

POA

"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link. Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

A weekly feature in

The SPHERE

Every Friday—Price One Shilling

"Let's Halt Awhile"

Since 1934, 16,000 *copies have been sold of "Let's Halt Awhile"—a description of hotels, inns, and guest-houses personally "discovered" by Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Vol.* I.—*Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. Vol.* II.—*Devon and Cornwall.*

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in Morocco (all colours), leather lined Blotting Pad fitted flush with bottom of case. 14"x9"x3½"

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Modern Aids to Beauty

How to Curb those Generous Curves

MANY women begin to thicken quite early in life and develop a middle-aged spread which adds years to their appearance, and destroys much of their charm. The hips, waist and neck are three danger zones which should be guarded with care and, when necessary, treated with Redex Reducing Lotion. This preparation is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the century, as it can be applied externally to any part of the body and is absolutely harmless. It is almost entirely vegetable in character, and its effects are strictly localised. Redex is sold practically everywhere and costs a guinea a bottle together with full directions as to how it is used. The treatment is very simple and should be continued daily for two or three weeks, though a definite improvement is noticeable after the first week. It involves brisk and consistent massage and calls for no special diet. Ten minutes at a time is sufficient, preferably after rather than before bathing, as water must not be applied for six hours after treatment. Redex works entirely from the surface and tightens as it reduces, leaving the skin smooth and taut. It is very effective with fat arms or an enlarged waist.

"The Mould of Form"

THE new fashions, with their special accent on line, call for a beautifully moulded figure and graceful carriage. In order to achieve these it is essential to wear a foundation garment which fits like a second skin, giving support to the diaphragm and controlling the hips. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, specialise in corsets for every type of figure, both young and old. They are showing several models for the slender woman, including a belt in two-way stretch lace, with a front panel in reinforced satin, which affords adequate control. This is a step-in garment, available in blue, peach and white. It is ideal for evening, as the lace surface is perfectly flat and will not show through a satin frock. There is a similar model for sportswear cut in the shape of a pantie which affords complete freedom together with support. For wearing with cruising shorts or under a close-fitting satin frock, Debenham and Freebody are showing a two-way stretch belt without suspenders. This is specially designed to keep in position and will not ride up. It is important when buying corsets to choose separate models for day, evening and sportswear, as one garment cannot possibly accomplish the work of three.

"Dy Pzycz" *(Continued from page 170)*

leapt from his face, a flaming, thrusting challenge, a scarlet banner of arrogance, a torch-flame of strength. Above it his eyes glared; and above them his scarlet hair stirred in the breath of Ilyrian cheers.

He had eight children, and a huge, dumb, dark-eyed wife. He had two million Torchists and as many unmobilised followers. Ilyria lay ecstatically in the shadow of his red beard.

"Europe's three great Powers were Britain, Germany and France!" he once declared, "To-day they are Prapolajk, Hitler and Mussolini!" No one heard the last two names for cheers.

Now the odd thing I spoke of first, happened when he was at the very height of his power. He had been God of Ilyria for some years, and on the afternoon of the tenth anniversary of his march on the capital, he sat in his dressing-room, swathed in white sheets, having his face steamed and his beard trimmed. He had just finished a colossal State luncheon, and in half an hour he was opening the Hellenic Sports of the Universe Exhibition, in which two hundred young men and women were to do trapeze acts from low-flying aeroplanes in honour of the day.

He sat in his chair and, as was his custom, soothed by the delicate finger-tips of his personal barber, Herman Mijk, he slept. All was silent save for the soft snuffle of Dy Pzycz's snores and the snip of Mijk's scissors.

Herman Mijk had been Prapolajk's personal barber for two years. It was to him heaven come miraculously early. He worshipped Prapolajk with a fervour one would not have thought his scrawny little body could house. Ever since Prapolajk came to power Mijk had adored him. He knew by heart every speech Dy Pzycz had ever made, he knew the history of the Torchist movement as a priest knows his theology. He belonged to all the subsidiary Torchist movements, and was only prevented from wearing the purple tunic of the mobilised Torchist because he was forty-six instead of twenty-six. When he was first ordered to attend the leader himself, he had actually and literally fainted with joy.

But to-day Herman Mijk was not himself. His hands trembled and his thin face was thinner yet, and greenish. His large, dog-like eyes held a look both dreamy and feverish, and he muttered his wife's name under his breath.

For Mrs. Mijk was having a baby. Rather, she was having babies. At lunch time little Herman had wept with the pride of fathering a boy; half an hour later he had fathered another. At ten to two a screaming girl baby had appeared; and as he rushed from the house to keep his sacred appointment with Dy Pzycz, the doctor had called after him that the end had by no means yet been reached.

Even now, as he massaged the Dictatorial face and trimmed the Dictatorial beard, Maria might have produced one, two, even three more little Mijks. The anxiety was killing him. Herman read his newspapers, and he knew that all over the world there had been an epidemic of multiple babies. To have babies was good. And he loved children. But he loved his Maria too, and the anxiety was killing him. Besides, he was only a poor barber, and half a dozen wailing mouths are hard to fill. If only he were there, on hand, so that at least he would know how things were going—or, rather, coming. He could brew Maria the soothing herb tea she loved so well. She might even die, and no one dare to disturb the Dictator to tell him. . . .

Here he remembered Prapolajk, and recalling his tear-dimmed eyes with an effort, looked down at his sacred client.

For a second he stared, and then, with a wild scream, he fell on his knees by the chair—for in his abstraction he had clipped the beard quite off.

AT the sound of his shriek, Prapolajk woke with a start and leapt to his feet; the bodyguard flung open the door and rushed into the room, revolvers drawn; servants, guests, dignitaries all over the palace came flying, fearing assassination. They crammed into the dressing-room, they craned their necks to see the assailed body of their leader—and they saw instead a funny little red-haired man with a white sheet tied round his neck, clutching and clawing at practically no chin at all.

Some burst out laughing; some tried to seize him, thinking him a lunatic; some just stared—until they heard, from the crouching, quivering Herman on the floor, the words: "The Torch's beard—his beautiful beard—lost—destroyed—the Torch's beard. . . ."

THEY tried to hush it up. Everyone was sworn to secrecy, and Herman Mijk was executed without trial as being the ringleader of a Terrorist party. It was given out that Dy Pzycz was ill and could not attend the Sports Exhibition while confidential secretaries scoured Ilyria for false red beards.

But they were hard to get, and then not convincing. And gradually the whisper crept about, through the palace and the square and the side streets, that Dy Pzycz, The Torch, had been snuffed out by a pair of barber's shears, and all that remained was a funny, angry little man with red hair and glaring eyes and a chin that even a Pekinese might be ashamed of.

The whisper grew, and with it laughter. Even the Torchists found the spectacle of a furious little weak-chinned Samson irresistible. Groups of young men marched through the streets with beards of red raffia tied to their ears, singing ribald and scurrilous songs. Lampoons were circulated, and soon the whole of Ilyria danced in the streets to the tune of "A little sheep hid in a wolfskin coat."

When at last his beard had grown again, and Prapolajk appeared on the balcony to be welcomed back to health, the masses packed in the square below began to roar and sing and dance and howl. It was no good his crossing his arms, straddling his legs, and glaring. It was no good his jutting out his beard and declaring: "Whilst I live, Ilyria lives!" No one could hear him above the hoots and the singing, no one could see anything but a funny little man in a purple shirt, shouting himself hoarse, bursting with fury, hiding a ridiculous face beneath an absurd red beard.

He left the country within a week—he and his huge, dumb wife and their eight children. I don't know what became of them, for he changed his name and shaved his beard, and without it no one would ever recognise such an insignificant little man. Ilyria is a rather half-hearted, rather comfortable republic again now. And they have put up a perfectly dreadful statue to Herman Mijk in the middle of the Town Square. THE END.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS & SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1937. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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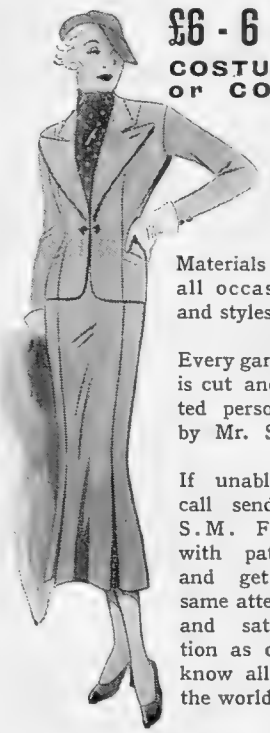

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Hawley

Is the only daughter of the late G. W. Hawley and Mrs. Hawley, of Selsdon Park, Sanderstead, Surrey, and is engaged to Lieut. Charles Peter Graham Walker, R.N., second son of the late Charles G. Walker and Mrs. Walker, of Chesterton, Redbourne, Herts.

Hay Wrightson

Cynthia Gee

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gee, of Uplands, Rothley, Leicestershire, and is engaged to William Neil Bray, younger son of the late Brig.-General R. N. Bray, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Bray

Navana

Dione Dangerfield

Is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Dangerfield, of Greenlands, Corfe Castle, Dorset; she is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. D. D. G. Keddie, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Keddie, of Ottawa, Canada

Lenare

Dorothy Mary Humfress

Is the eldest daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. T. Humfress, of 39, Drayton Court, S.W.10; she is engaged to Graham Peddie, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Peddie, of Ladywell, Great Hallingbury, Bishops Stortford

Lenare

Barbara Dafforn

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dafforn, of Pinnocks Wood, near Maidenhead, and is engaged to Flight-Lieutenant James Talbot, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Talbot, of Skryne Court, Tara, Co. Meath

Catherine Bell

Peggy Hempson

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Hempson, of White Gables, Esher; she is engaged to marry Henry Russell Crouch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Crouch, of Hyde, Esher

Douglas

Susan Bence-Trower

Is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. A. Bence-Trower, of 9, Sumner Place, S.W.7, and is engaged to Richard Anthony Mann Roberts, only son of Captain and Mrs. R. M. Roberts, of The Old Manor, Ivinghoe, Bucks.

Tunbridge

Katherine Forbes-Gordon

Is the younger daughter of the late Maj. Arthur Forbes-Gordon and Mrs. Forbes-Gordon, of 15, Porchester Gardens, W.2; she is engaged to Robert Sinclair Scott, Highland Light Infantry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Scott, of Struve, Skelmorlie, Ayrshire

Pearl Freeman

Beatrice May Bevan

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. R. P. Bevan, of Grasmere House, Llansomlett, Glam., and is engaged to Ian Douglas-Wilson, only son of Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Douglas-Wilson, of Harrogate

Lenare

Anne Carden

Is the only child of the late Admiral Sir Sackville and Lady Carden, and lives at Gosmore End, Hitchin; she is engaged to John Terence Gough, Royal Tank Corps, son of the late Hugh Gough and Mrs. Gough, of Estoril, Portugal

Lenare

Elisabeth Everidge

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Everidge, of 7, Wimpole Street, W.1, and is engaged to Robert Basil Symes Francis, of 37, St. George's Court, S.W.3

Tunbridge

Eileen Muriel Hopton

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ulric Hopton, of 26, Cadogan Place, S.W.1; she is engaged to John Marshall Trusted, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Trusted, of Chief Justice's Residence, Jerusalem

Douglas

Cecily Dick

Cecily Abercromby Dick, only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Dick, of Ker Manach, Dinard, and 134, Swan Court, Chelsea, is engaged to Andrew Erickson, of 36, Erik Dahlbergsgatan, Stockholm

Catherine Bell

Helen Horsey

Is the daughter of the late Dr. Edward Horsey and Mrs. Horsey, of 23, Crompton Court, S.W., and is engaged to Desmond Keith, son of the late Alan Keith and Mrs. Keith, of 10, Unwin Mansions, S.W.

Lenare

Rosemary Rowley Conwy

Is the daughter of the late Major Geoffrey Rowley Conwy, and Mrs. Conwy, of Pendinas, St. Asaph, Flintshire, and has announced her engagement to Ralph Skinner, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Skinner, of Toutley Hall, Wokingham

Tunbridge

Diana Marlow

Is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Marlow, of 37, Holland Park, W.11, and is engaged to James Hope, R.A., son of Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hope, D.S.O., of Farnham, and Mrs. T. Kirkland, of 64, Seymour Street

Harrison — Blair

Gilbert Vernon Harrison, son of the late T. Marriot Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, of Chalfont St. Giles, and Mary Blair, only daughter of Sir Reginald Blair, M.P., and Lady Blair, of Hermit's Wood, Chalfont St. Giles, were married at Chalfont St. Giles

Levetus — Dockar-Drysdale

Francis Benjamin Levetus, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Levetus, of 1, North Square, N.W.11, and Enid Dockar-Drysdale, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dockar-Drysdale, of Wick Hall, Radley, Berks., were married at St. James's, Radley

Callender — de Pentheny O'Kelly

Leo Callender, son of the late Leonard Callender and Mrs. Callender, of 8, Palace Place Mansions, Kensington Court, and Noelle de Pentheny O'Kelly, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. de Pentheny O'Kelly, of Uddens House, Wimborne, Dorset, were married at the Brompton Oratory

Peacock — White

Captain Pryce Henry Peacock, R.A.M.C., only son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Pryce Peacock, and Aline Elizabeth White, younger daughter of the late Edward White and Mrs. White, of 20, Ailesbury Road, Dublin, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Russell — Pilkington

At St. Andrew's, Fife, George Walker Russell, third son of Major and Mrs. Russell, of Kingsdale, Windygates, Fife, married Marjorie Pilkington, daughter of the late Reginald Pilkington and Mrs. Pilkington, of St. Fort, Newport, Fife

Mathias — Jones

At Weigh House Congregational Church, Dr. John Gordon Mathias, of Bodrinaelt, Conway, North Wales, married Margaret Eryl Haydn Jones, daughter of Sir Henry Haydn Jones, M.P., and Lady Jones, of Pantyneuadd, Towyn, Merioneth

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 3 — November 9

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FIRST LEGION.—The fine and gripping play about a Jesuit brotherhood has transferred complete to the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PUNCH AND JUDY.—Dictatorship makes the running yet again, and not very brilliant running, despite good work by Frank Cellier and Carol Goodner: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD III.—Emlyn Williams plays the king in Tyrone Guthrie's production: Old Vic (not Mon.), 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price) Playhouse. 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition: Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson's newest riot has Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Debroy Somers' band, etc.: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—Irene Eisinger, Arthur Margetson, Rora Swinburne lead a strong cast in a tuneful and clever piece about Frans Hals: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 98.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RHAPSODY ON ICE.—A new form of entertainment, partly successful and partly pleasing, arises from skaters trying the ballet: Covent Garden, 6.15 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BLONDIE WHITE.—Basil Sydney, Basil Radford and Joan Marion in a stimulatingly novel detective plot: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30

Fayer of Vienna

Nan Maryska

Gives a recital at the Grotrian Hall on November 12th. She is one of the very few singers of to-day who accompany themselves

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The crazy gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum 8.15 Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

GOOD-BYE TO YESTERDAY.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in Basil Dean's production: Phœnix, to-night, 3rd.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Postponed first night of this show described as an unusical musical: Saville, Thurs., 4th.

GHOSTS.—The Buxton production of Ibsen's gloomiest, with Marie Ney, Stephen Murray, and Clifford Evans in Emlyn Williams' part of Oswald: Vaudeville. Mon. 8th.

CINEMAS

EBB TIDE (American).—A Technicolor of the South Seas, beachcombers, etc.; Frances Farmer and Ray Milland head the strong cast: Plaza.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—The classic from Pearl Buck's novel, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, is at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

GREEN PASTURES (American).—The moving film from Marc Connelly's play revives at the Classic, Baker Street.

JERICHO (British).—Paul Robeson, Henry Wilcoxon, Wallace Ford and Princess Kouka in a powerful adventure story in North Africa: New Gallery.

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOUR (British).—Marlene Dietrich as an escapist Russian countess, Robert Donat as her Scarlet Pimpernel; good authenticity: London Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

NITCHEVO (French).—Harry Baur gives a fine performance opposite Marcelle Chantal in this story of gun-running and submarines: Berkeley.

OH, MR. PORTER (British).—Will Hay's newest rôle is a railway employé and has some engines in support: Gaumont.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-English cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

A STAR IS BORN (American).—Janet Gaynor and Fredric March in a Technicolor tragedy, excellently acted revealing the inside of the film world: Tivoli.

STELLA DALLAS (American).—The story of social inequality in marriage and its consequences; John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck: Regal.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Wallbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
FIDELIO.—To-night, 3rd, 8.30.
LA BOHÈME.—Thurs., 4th, 8.
CARMEN.—Fri., 5th, 8.
GODS GO A-BEGGING, BLUE BIRD, FAÇADE, LAC DES CYGNES ACT III.—Sat., 6th, 2.30.
FIDELIO.—Sat., 6th, 8.30.
LES PATINEURS, BAISER DE LA FÉE, WEDDING BOUQUET.—Tues., 9th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

MARIAN ANDERSON.—Queen's Hall, Fri., 5th, 8.30.

BRAILOWSKY.—Queen's Hall, Sat., 6th, 3.15.

CORTOT AND MAGGIE TEYTE.—A Debussy recital at the Wigmore Hall, Sat., 6th, 3.

Concerts

B.B.C.—Toscanini conducts the orchestra and choral society, with four soloists, in Beethoven's choral symphony and first symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 3rd, 8.15.

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS.—Operettas in costume under Dr. Grüber: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 4th, 3.

L.P.O.—Nadia Boulanger conducts, with four soloists and chorus, in Rameau, Monteverdi, Haydn and Fauré: Queen's Hall, Thurs., 4th, 8.15.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 7th, 3.15.

COURTAULD-SARGENT.—Sargent conducts, Schnabel is soloist in Mozart and Beethoven concertos; also Brahms' third symphony: Queen's Hall, Mon. and Tues., 8th and 9th, 8.15.

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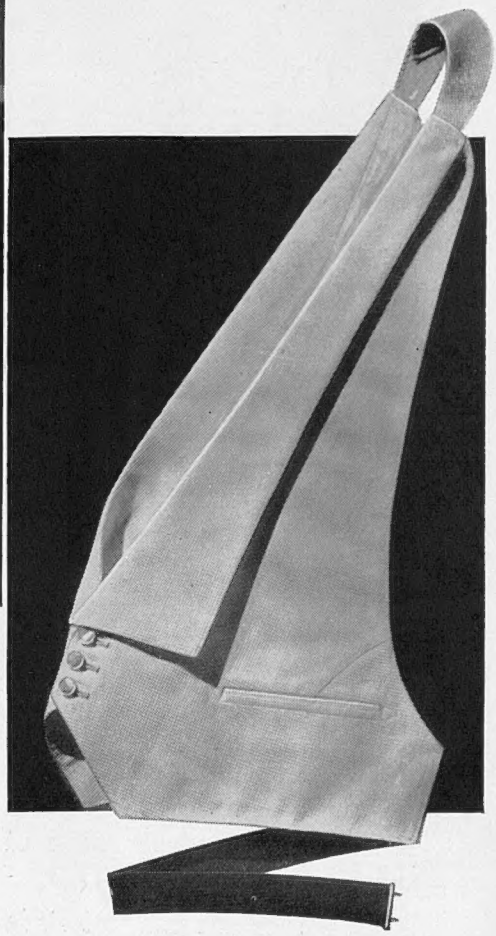

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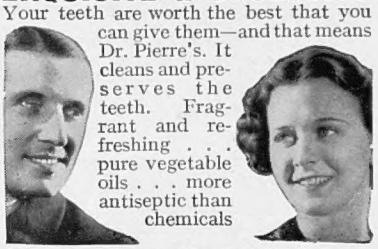

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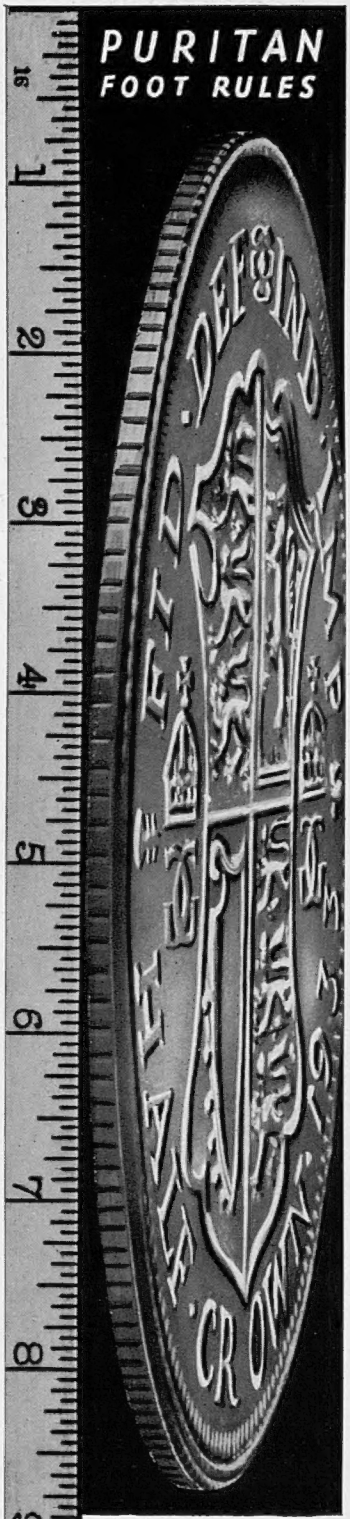

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Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire.

"Fortunately I had Sanitas in the house"

Mrs. Jones : "*I hear that your children have been staying away from school.*"

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The 1/6 size is fitted with a sprinkler top.

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WHAT IS THE CLIMATE LIKE?

Finest winter climate in the world. The temperature ranges between 8.° F. and 90° F. from May to November and between 68° F. and 79° F. from December to May. Nassau has been recognized as a health resort for over 200 years.

ARE THE HOTELS GOOD?

First rate! Very modern with excellent service. Swimming pools, sun verandahs, tennis, squash, badminton, bridge. Private bathing beaches, luxuriant tropical gardens. Continental chefs. Bahamian, American and European dishes.

WHAT IS THE SCENERY LIKE?

Charming old streets and green lawns. Palms, white beaches and an azure sea. Red hibiscus trees, oleanders, cassias and calabash and orchid trees. The old water front. Stately Colonial houses. Modern shops. Native fishing boats and handsome yachts. Fairy-coloured underwater coral gardens.

PLENTY OF SPORT?

Yes. Two golf courses. Tennis. Riding. Polo. Fishing. Shooting (wild pigeon, duck). Sailing. Bathing. Horse-racing.

WHAT IS THE BATHING LIKE?

Magnificent! White sandy beaches and buoyant sapphire seas. Quiet little bays for sunbathing and more elaborate beaches with dressing rooms, music, bars and cafés.

HOW DOES ONE GET THERE?

By Plane—New York to Miami 8 hours, Miami to Nassau by Pan American Clipper 2 hours.
By Train—New York to Miami 30 hours, and then by Plane 2 hours, or overnight by ship.
By Ship—from New York to Nassau 2½ days.
By Pacific Navigation Co., via Azores 12 days.
By Cunard White Star Line, via New York, from 7 days.

I wish to know more about Nassau and the Bahamas. Please send me booklets.

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The Bahamas Development Board, Nassau Information Bureau, 211 Piccadilly, W.1.